Vol. CXXXIII. No. 1728.

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THE BYSTANDER JANUARY 27, 1937

The BYSTANDER

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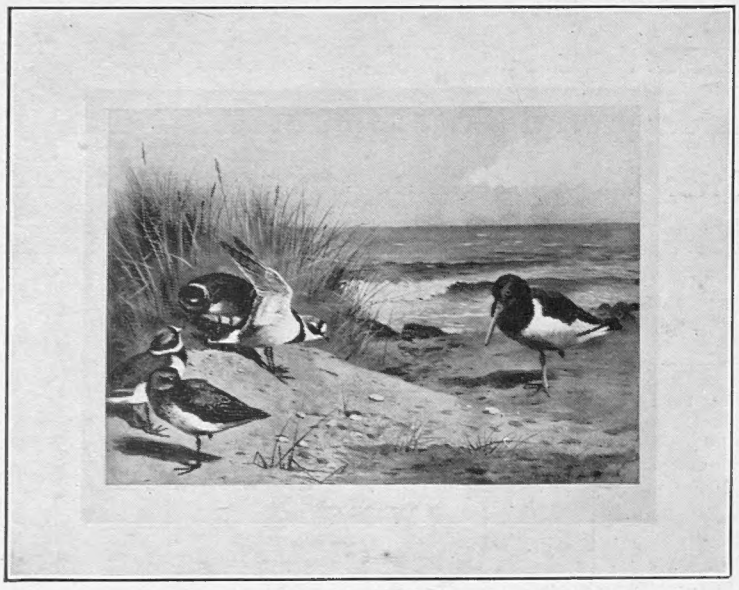

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The Bystander, January 27, 1937 No. 1728. Vol. CXXXIII.

The Bystander

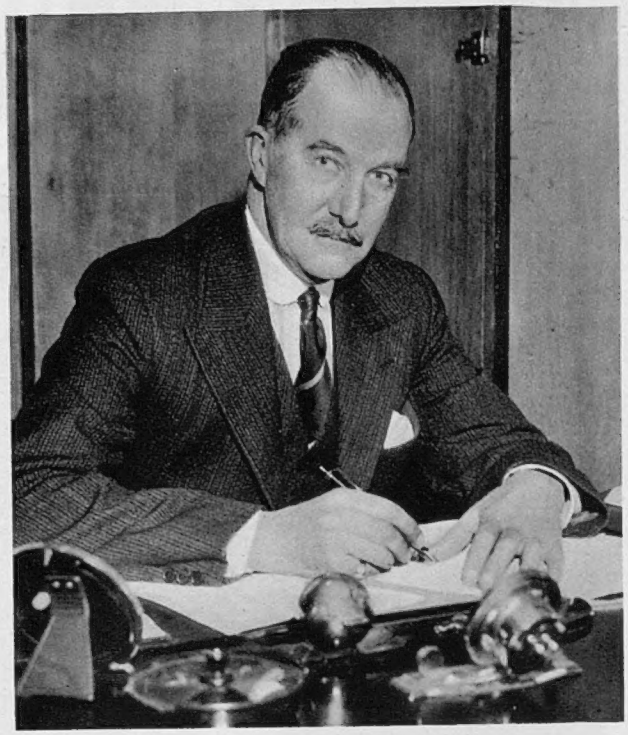
Robert W. Coburn

Merle Oberon—Heroine of To-night's Premiere

To-night's glittering audience at the Leicester Square Theatre will be drawn by a two-fold attraction—the new film of a fascinating star and the worthy appeal of a distinguished charity committee. *Beloved Enemy* is the film, Brian Aherne is opposite Merle Oberon, and the plot is by the "Informer" out of "Parnell," set in immediately post-war Ireland. The appeal is for the London Society for Teaching and Training the Blind, with Mrs. Charles Sweeny as chairman of a committee and patronage which contains almost every name on the social register. Miss Oberon made her name in *Henry VIII.*, was last seen here in *These Three*, has just signed a contract by which Alex. Korda and Sam Goldwyn share her talents between Denham and Hollywood, crossed the Atlantic three weeks ago to begin her part of Messalina opposite Laughton in *I, Claudius*, promised to be at to-night's premiere, and has taken a house in Regent's Park

The "Golden Miller" of—

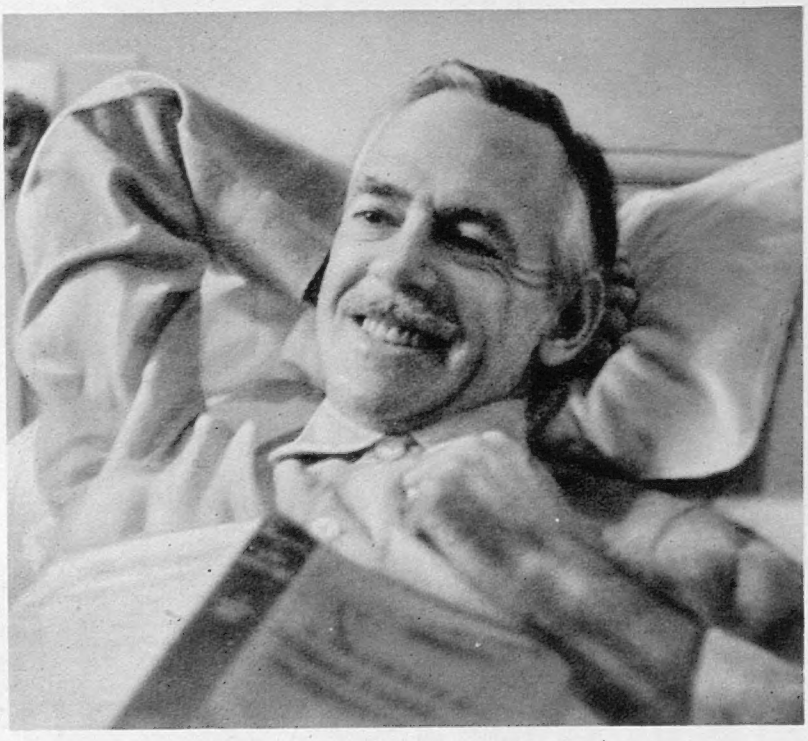
Although Mr. W. S. Morrison, Minister of Agriculture, was neatly described by Lord Titchfield in the House as the Golden Miller of the Front Bench, his slower speaking style, as against Mr. Walter Elliot's gallop, was welcome when he introduced the Livestock Industry Bill last week



Shillings and Pence

Major L. H. Branson is the man who thought of the ingenious "Tell Your Banker" scheme to collect money for the King George V. National Memorial fund; bank employees were busy after closing hours for there was a generous response, even from clients with overdrafts

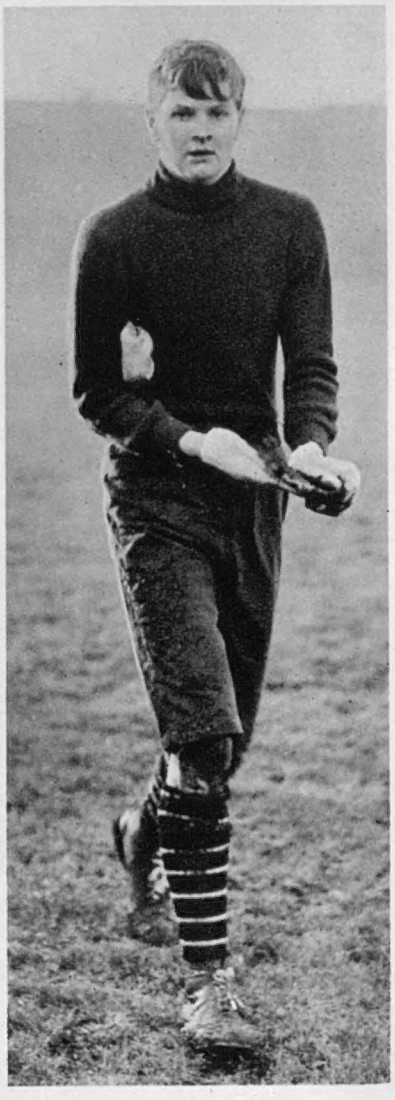
They all got into the News . . .



Pronouncement from the Sick Bed

Eugene O'Neill is recovering from an apendectomy (Americo - scientific for cutting out the appendix) in December, and announced from the Merritt Hospital, Oakland, that he and Mrs. O'Neill will make their permanent home in California after travelling around a bit to "absorb atmosphere" for an eight-cycle play which the Nobel prize-winner is planning to start on

Right: the Hon. Richard Lygon, Earl Beauchamp's younger surviving son, has signed amateur forms for Worcester City and played in goal for them against Malvern last week. His Soccer training began at Westminster



Ambitious Goal

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

PARLIAMENT has re-assembled unsensationally. At question-time on the opening day, there was a couple of mild breezes, one when the Archbishop's now famous broadcast was referred to as an "outburst of episcopal spleen," and the other on the subject of the dismissed dockyard workers. Sir Samuel Hoare was adamant that any sort of public enquiry into the dismissal would be against the interest of the State. Mr. Attlee was equally positive that an enquiry was essential for the safeguarding of the liberties of the individual. It is impossible, without a knowledge of the facts, to comment on the rights and wrongs of the case. The intriguing thing about it is, "what on earth was it that the five men are alleged to have done. What brought down upon their heads so vast a veil of official secrecy? What set in motion such a juggernaut of official mystery?" It is sad to think that perhaps we shall never know.

MR. EDEN was disappointing on Spain. He reaffirmed the importance of non-intervention, of course, and explained his reasons for believing that there is no German military penetration into Morocco. It was on the subject of the ban on volunteering that he seemed to be on less happy ground. The Law Officers of the Crown had told him, he said, that it was illegal for a British subject to volunteer on either side, under the Foreign Enlistment Act. This was a perfectly reasonable statement, but Sir Archibald Sinclair found it difficult to understand why it had not been discovered before. Why is it only now that the Law Officers have given their opinion" No one could, or would, explain.

WHEN Lord Titchfield called Mr. W. S. Morrison the "Golden Miller" of the Front Bench, he appeared to think that he was paying the Minister of Agriculture a neat and felicitous compliment. The Miller's recent record of swerving, falling, failing, and general unreliability is hardly the sort of record with which a rising Minister wants to be compared.

THE Council of the League of Nations met under painful circumstances. Two important items—Danzig and the French-Turkish dispute in Syria—were allowed to appear on the agenda, but Spain was not mentioned at all except in a report of a Health Commission. Truly the cause of Collective Security is in a bad way just now. And it is a noteworthy fact that as Collective Security has waned, so correspondingly has Individual Security. There is far less feeling of safety in Europe now than in the days of ten or twelve years ago, when the Protocol, the Treaty of Mutual Assistance, Locarno, and various other safeguards of world peace were being worked out. Now the talk is all of gasmasks.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S inaugural address was a vigorous pledge to continue the principles of the New Deal. "The test of our progress is not whether we add more to the abundance of those who have much; it is whether we provide enough for those who have too little." His general theme was "help for the under-dog." With four years ahead of him, and with no necessity to worry about vote-catching for re-election, the President may easily change the whole social and political face of the United States, and that would have incalculable effects upon the rest of the world.

IT is difficult to believe that the cause of Welsh Nationalism has been advanced by the setting fire to an aerodrome any more than Scottish Nationalism was helped recently by the theft of Wallace's sword. Neither arson nor theft seem to me to be very convincing proofs of a capacity for self-government. But of course it may be argued that the time-honoured proof of a capacity for self-government is murder.

THE new Moscow trial of the Leninists has begun, and it looks as if it is going to run the same course as the Zinoviev trial. The prisoners are mostly Old Guard revolutionaries—the men who helped Lenin and Trotsky to make the revolution—and the two best-known over here are Sokolnikoff, former Soviet Ambassador in London, and Radek. The latter was for many years the Soviet's most brilliant publicist, a Germano-Russian-Jew of extraordinary talents. He will need them all now if he is going to get out with his life.

Sir Miles Lampson, Ambassador

New relations with Egypt, under the 1936 Treaty, were signalised when Sir Miles Lampson presented his credentials as H.B.M. Ambassador in Cairo. After the Regency Council, headed by Prince Mohamed Ali, had received him, Sir Miles took coffee with them

Army Chiefs Gathered at the Premiere of "O.H.M.S."

General Sir Harry Knox, the second military member of the Army Council, was among a distinguished and soldierly audience (which included Mr. Duff Cooper) at the "O.H.M.S." premiere. With him are Lady Knox (left) and Miss Knox

Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell, the C.I.G.S., went with Lady Deverell to the Tivoli premiere. The Army Council collaborated with Gaumont-British in producing the film, whose background is Army life abroad

THE England-Wales Rugger match has moved my colleague, Mr. Howard Marshall, to a fine burst of indignation over the quality of the play. "The match was a mess . . . the Welsh packing was comic . . . miserable stuff . . . fiasco . . . nonsense . . . complete frustration"—these are some of his phrases. He even goes so far as to recommend that international matches should be abandoned for a time to let the game pull itself together.

So the little brown Filipino's engaging smile was not enough for success against Benny Lynch, who won a handsome victory in the World's Fly-Weight Championship. Everyone agrees, however, that Small Montana was a gallant and sporting loser in a very fine fight. Poor Jack Doyle emerged into the limelight on the same evening to retire almost at once into the slightly comic obscurity of disqualification—in the first round of a fight against a comparatively undistinguished gentleman of the comparatively undistinguished name of Alf Robinson.

IT will be sad if the Leicestershire Cricket Club has to close down. At present the position is precarious. After all, Sir Julien Cahn and one or two other generous patrons cannot be expected to go on for ever. If the people of Leicestershire want first-class cricket, they ought to be able to raise a guinea or two between them, and support the County XI. on a democratic basis. But if they decide they don't want first-class cricket, that will be the end of it. Leicestershire has never been in the top-flight, but she has produced many fine players—C. J. B. Wood, who once carried his bat through both innings for a not-out hundred in each, Astill, the perennial, George Geary, Jayes, who was probably the worst fast bowler who ever played against Australia in a Test Match, A. T. Sharp, and others. There is too much county-cricket, but there are not too many first-class counties.

THE failure of *The Boy David* is interesting, if sad. What is the cause of it? Is it possible that Sir James Barrie is out of touch with this generation? Can it be that Mr. C. B. Cochran was blinded by glamour? Is it a bad play? And, worst, most sinister, most dreadful notion of all, is it conceivable that Miss Bergner is not *quite* such a great actress as she has been shouted up to be?

IT looks as if musical shows are going to be the early spring feature of the theatre. *Big Business* brings Mr. Bobbie Howes to the Hippodrome; *On Your Toes* is the new musical comedy at the Palace, produced by Mr. Leslie Henson; a new show comes to the Victoria Palace, called *All Fun and Folly*, with Miss Nellie Wallace; and the A. P. Herbert and C. B. Cochran revue comes south from Manchester. I went to see the Cochran show in Manchester last week, but I think I ought to wait until Mr. Herbert Farjeon has had his chance of discussing it before I say anything about it.

A FINE state of affairs is reported from Tanganyika. In the old days, "when Grace sat in a growler and bundled down to Lords," a rejected lover naturally went to Africa and massacred a number of large animals to soothe his lacerated feelings. It was, of course, the only decent thing to do. Now he still goes out to Africa, but photographs them instead. The result is that it is practically impossible to take a motor-car out into the wilds of Tanganyika without being surrounded instantly by lions who want their photographs taken. The hoot of the motor-horn is synonymous with the tasty bait of meat and the click of the camera. Motorists have practically to push their way through lions before they can get anywhere. Presumably special lion-crossings with lights and beacons will be the ultimate solution.

"The Circus" by Georges Seurat

It is from the Louvre and is being shown in London for the first time, in company with other works by the "pointilliste" and his contemporaries, at Wildenstein's Galleries. Seurat's work ridiculed at first, is now highly valued

FOR a long time the Navy and the Air Force had a big pull over the Army in the matter of films. The material was more spectacular, of course, and opportunities bigger. Now the poor old Army seems to be getting a look in. The War Office has helped a good deal with *O.H.M.S.*, which has just been shown at the Tivoli in the presence of the War Minister, and Mr. Erich Pommer is just finishing at Denham an Army film called *Troopship*.

THIS year is the centenary of the publication of a celebrated book, *Mr. Midshipman Easy*. It was a great favourite of mine years ago, but when I looked at it recently I must say I found it pretty dull stuff. Messrs. Dent, who republished their complete Marryat edition a few years ago, report that there is still a demand for his books.

Talking of Messrs. Dent, Mr. James Douglas delivered a pretty slashing attack on one of their new books the other day. After calling it every printable adjective he could think of, he appealed to the publishers to withdraw it. I am told, I don't know how correctly, that the sales of it have gone up with a bound, though Mr. Douglas did not actually mention its name.

THE Seurat pictures at Wildenstein's in New Bond Street, are extraordinarily interesting. Seurat was the founder of Pointillisme, the method of painting with innumerable small spots of colour, and when he died at the early age of thirty-two, he left hardly more than a hundred small pictures and only seven large ones. The examples of his work in this exhibition are well worth a visit.

Charles Laughton with Peter Pan, 1904, and Peter Pan, 1937

Nina Boucicault (centre) created the deathless part of Peter when Barrie's play was first put on in 1904 at the Duke of York's; she never saw another performance until last week, when she went to the Palladium to watch Elsa Lanchester's lively, thoughtful interpretation. Captain Hook/Bligh Laughton, as well as taking the name-part in Korda's film of Graves's book, "I, Claudius," plans to make another stage appearance as the Regent in "The First Gentleman"

Lenare

The Earl of Ancaster, Lord Great Chamberlain

The office of Lord Great Chamberlain dates back to 1133 and its holder, whose most conspicuous duties are concerned with coronations and openings of Parliament, has charge of the Palace of Westminster and particularly of the House of Lords. Lord Ancaster shares a "half moiety" claim to the office with the representative of the Marquess of Lincolnshire (which title has been extinct since 1928); Lord Cholmondeley holds the remaining half moiety. Thus the bearer of the Ancaster earldom is Lord Great Chamberlain once in every four reigns; and on the abdication of Edward VIII. Lord Cholmondeley's remarkably short tenure ended. Lord Ancaster is head of the large and ancient Willoughby family (whose parliamentary traditions were founded when the first baron was summoned to Westminster by Edward II.). He sat as M.P. for Lincolnshire from 1894 until he succeeded to the title in 1910, married American Eloise Breese in 1904 and has four children; Lord Willoughby de Eresby, the M.P. for Rutland, is his heir, and Lady Catherine Ramsden his elder daughter. He will be seventy shortly after his onerous but honourable Coronation duties are over

Wedding in Scotland

Wedding Guests

Left: Captain James Stirling-Home-Drummond-Moray, Scots Guards, Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Moray's elder son, and Miss Jeanetta Montagu-Douglas-Scott had a big wedding at Melrose, with a reception afterwards at Bowhill, lent by the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch. The bride, twin daughter of Lord George Scott and the late Lady Elizabeth Scott, is a cousin of the Duchess of Gloucester, who sent a wedding present. Above are Margaret, Duchess of Buccleuch (the bride's aunt) and her daughter, Lady Burghley, arriving at Melrose

Wedding in London

Mr. Anthony Vivian Parker, the Rifle Brigade, only son of the late Captain W. M. Parker and Mrs. Hardman-Jones, of Littleton Manor, Winchester, married Miss Pamela Mary Farmer at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She is the late C. G. E. Farmer and Mrs. Morris Waddington's daughter; her mother lives in Chelsea

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

How we hated leaving St. Moritz, and how we endured the most savage crossing after a night in the train, we hardly like to tell you.

Dear old London lived up to all our expectations of dampness, darkness and dreariness as we stepped off the train at dusk one evening last week.

However, holidays can't go on for ever, but to the end of our existence we shall have a "beginning-of-term" or "Monday-morningish" feeling after any spell of extraordinary enjoyment.

Some Minor Injuries

As an aftermath to our Engadine holiday we carry away memories of a few more unrecorded gaieties among the snow, such as the number of minor injuries that resulted from the imitation Cresta Run that took the place of a side-show at the Curzon Cup Ball at St. Moritz.

It was a small wooden chute with a couple of bends, and you went down (if you were lucky) on a cushion, but such was the hurry and impatience of the ever-waiting queue that you probably slid down on your very best dress and got a splinter or two into the bargain. Miss Désirée de la Tour did considerable damage to a lovely white dress; Lady Plunket's pale blue sequins were torn off by the yard; Lady Moira Forbes hurt her wrist. It was a tremendously gay evening to which the term "gala" could for once be aptly applied.

Her Shivering Neighbours

One of the really worth-while things to do while in St. Moritz is to get up early just once and go and watch those Cresta boys do their stuff.

The stand at Battledore Corner is Arctic before the sun reaches it, but the thrill is worth while.

Nowhere do you see such amazingly fresh complexions and starry eyes as owned by the Cresta girl-fans who watch these early-morning exploits.

One of the best-looking is always Lady Warwick, who tries to film the tobogganers as they flash by, but invariably gets "taken" herself by the lurking Swiss photographer, whose efforts are snapped up like hot cakes by the Press agencies.

Lady Warwick's coat (American) is the envy of shivering neighbours on the stand. It is made of natural coloured gabardine and luxuriously lined with beaver.

A Monument of Tact

The "ace" coat in St. Moritz, however, is owned by Mr. Billy Reardon, and is similar to that worn by all good taxi-drivers in Budapest.

On the outside it looks like tan-coloured suède; inside it is lined with white woolly fleece, collared and bordered with beaver, and it costs £4. The cut is a little fantastic, as it has a waist and a flared skirt, but a natural humorist and unself-conscious dandy like Billy Reardon gets away with it.

Wedding at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

It was between Mr. Brian Macartney-Filgate, only son of the late Clement Macartney-Filgate and Mrs. Macartney-Filgate, and Miss Ethel Florence Liddell, the late Lieut.-Colonel John Sinclair Liddell and Mrs. E. G. M. Porcelli's only daughter. Mrs. Porcelli held the reception afterwards at her home, 36, Hill Street

You must be both unself-conscious and a humourist to do the job that Billy does so brilliantly at the Palace Hotel.

As the professional playboy of the place he distributes favours at galas, listens to long-drawn-out confidences in the bar at 4 a.m., judges fancy-dress costumes, dances with dowagers and children, and says he has found a broom in his hand before now. Anyway, he is the life and soul of the party, a monument of tact, and one of the kindest people living.

One of the Best

THE Wein Stube room, which is conveniently next door but shut off from the big bar at the Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, has been the scene of many gay cocktail-parties lately.

Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates gave one of the best before they left the other day.

The pianist from the little Chesa Vaglia restaurant up the hill entertained, and among the guests were Lord and Lady Plunket, Mrs. de Winton Wills, Lady Moira Forbes, Lord Poulett, Count Rossi, and the Duc de Sangra.

Well-dressed women rarely change for "le cocktail" in St. Moritz, and wear their trousers or plus fours and woollen sweaters until dinner-time. Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates are off on a three-months' trip to South America this week.

Unlike Standardised Ideas

FRAU SCHULTZ, the wife of a brilliant dress designer who works for Ufa Films, was the subject of great admiration. She is pale, frail, and wears startlingly original clothes. Her whole appearance reminds us of Princess Natalie Paley. Her face is white and oval, her light brown hair parted in the middle and curled up at the sides and back. Her eyebrows—which are very thin—make no pretence at being natural.

Dancing in the bar the other evening, she wore an almost-bulky garment of amethyst velvet, with a belt and a fez of bronze sequins. Odd as it sounds, it was incredibly chic. We wonder if her lovely clothes can be German. They look so unlike the standardised garments that are suggested from time to time for the feminine population as a whole!

Peers' Gallery

ABOUT the first thing we did on our return was to go to the Lynch-Small Montana fight at Wembley, where Mr. Doyle so distinguished himself in a previous encounter.

Ringside seats looked like the Peers' Gallery, occupied by Lords Queensberry, Scarsdale, Westmorland, Brecknock, Drogheda, Donegall and Plunket. The last-named was doing a final father-and-sons' act on the last night of the holidays. Mrs. Dudley Ward was another interested spectator. She looked very attractive in a neat tweed coat with padded shoulders.

Off to Hollywood

ANY habit can become a sort of superstition, and one of ours is to dine or sup at Quaglino's on the first night that we return from anywhere abroad.

We found it as full and gay as ever, and noticed Lady Castlerosse, who must have returned very recently from America; Sir Michael Assheton-Smith, who was sailing for the States the next day. He was with his sister, Mrs. Tennant, who had travelled from her Highland retreat to say good-bye, and was looking charming in a red velvet dress.

Mr. Charles Birkin is going with Sir Michael, and after a short stay in New York they are off to Hollywood.

At Mr. Birkin's farewell cocktail-party there was a scramble to write letters of introduction to the various star inhabitants of the film colony, and they are sure to have a grand time.

Lady Charles Cavendish came on from making a speech at the Fashion Group meeting at Claridge's, which was packed to the ceiling and a great triumph for British enterprise. Lady Plunket talked to Mr. Collie Knox, of B.B.C. fame, and enviable short coats, for which innumerable silver foxes had been slain, were worn by Lady Veronica Hornby, Mrs. "Patsy" Richardson and Miss Toto Koopman.

A Gallant Effort

To be the chairman of an important charity function for the first time in your life is something of an ordeal in the ordinary way. With a husband dangerously ill it is another, and we all felt the greatest sympathy with young Mrs. Charles Sweeny, who, in delicate health herself, had to cope with the responsibility and anxiety of making her first charity undertaking a great success under the most nerve-racking conditions.

Her husband's lightning attack of appendicitis and immediate operation must have been a terrible shock, but she attended meetings and worked tirelessly for the film premiere of *Beloved Enemy* in the most unselfish way.

The gala presentation of this film (in which Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne are starring) is at the Leicester Square Theatre to-night at 8.45, and is in aid of the London Society for Teaching and Training the Blind.

In buying a ticket for either £10 or 6s. (or any intermediate price), you are not only helping a very good cause, but supporting a beautiful girl in her very gallant effort.

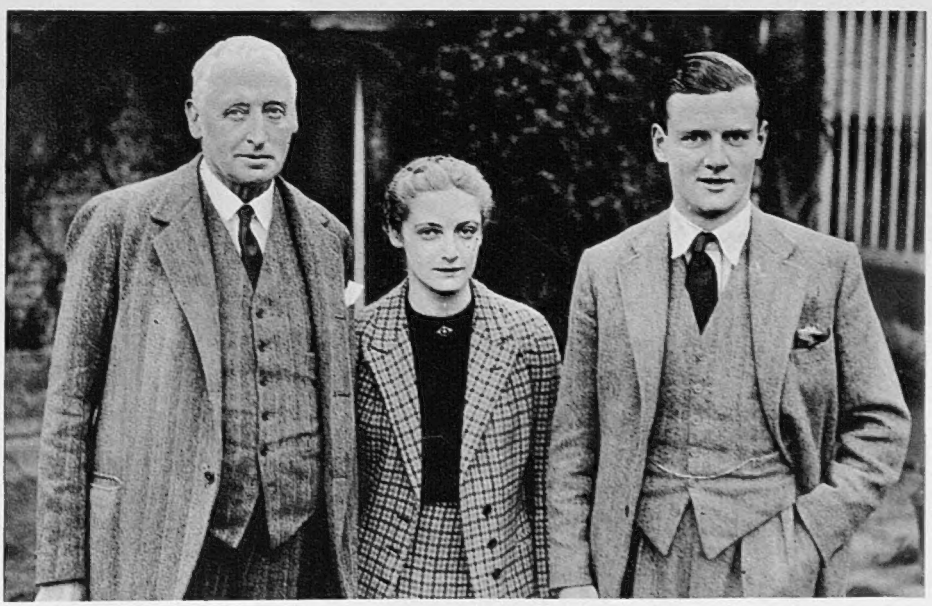
MISS PEEPS

A CORRECTION

The picture at the top right-hand corner of page 147 of this issue is incorrectly captioned; it went to press before the mistake could be altered. Miss O'Kelley is accompanied, not by Captain Roderick Davies, but by Mr. Rodney Davis. We much regret the mistake.

Christening at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

The parents were the Hon. James and the Hon. Mrs. Lindsay, and it was their second son; he was given the names Alexander Thomas. Through his father he is a grandchild of the Earl of Crawford, and through his mother (who was Bronwen Scott-Ellis) of Lord Howard de Walden



Lord Rushcliffe, His Younger Daughter and Her Fiancé

Lord Rushcliffe was photographed with the Hon. Claudia Betterton, whose engagement to Mr. Derek Swithin Allhusen was announced in the "Bystander" two weeks back. At sixty-four this energetic committee man is in the prime of life and directs with vigour the Unemployment Assistance Board, whose chairman he has been since June 1934

Garot, Paris

Tracks in the Snow

A Ski Siding in the Haute Savoie

France offers the winter sportsman several centres from which to choose, notably in the Savoy, in the Pyrenees and in the Vosges. The first of these was favoured by the Olympic winter sports committee of 1924 who picked on Chamonix, and it was not far from there, in the little bit of France that sticks up into Switzerland, near Geneva, that this tempting photograph was taken. Megève and Combloux are the most useful centres and the most heavily hotel-studded towns in the district

St. Moritz Once More

On the Up: Mr. Jack Heaton and Mr. Freddy McEvoy

Jack Heaton and Freddy McEvoy were being towed up to the Bob Club in one of the new heavy sleighs. They are captains respectively of the American and British teams for the racing that started last week

Mrs. Henry Martineau

She's the wife of the Cresta rider and Bobsleigh Club president (who has now taken up ski-ing and curling, too); was "Doodie" Watney before her marriage. The suède wind jacket is moss green and has gloves to match

Right: Sir Keith Fraser, who succeeded as sixth Baronet in 1935, was admiring the view from the terrace of the Corviglia Club. His ski-suit is echt tyrolisch, in slate grey with green collar

Sir Keith Fraser

Mrs. Hilleary, Rory and Alisdair

Mrs. Iain Hilleary, one of Mr. Duncan MacLeod's daughters (he is Laird of Skeabost), chose Suvretta House as her wintersports headquarters; her two young sons, Rory and Alisdair, are out there with her

Mme. Riotto and Miss Florrie Owen

Were two international lovelies at St. Moritz: Parisian Mme. Riotto is just now living in Mayfair to manage a dress establishment; Florrie Owen, equally well known in London, Paris, Biarritz and Rome, was awaiting her father's instructions where to join him

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

Decision at last: Hamlet (Laurence Olivier) offers King Claudius (Francis L. Sullivan) a choice of deaths

"Hamlet" (Old Vic)

ALTHOUGH Hamlet is one of the most varied and complex characters ever created, it is the custom, when a new actor plays the part, to distinguish his performance by a simple adjectival label: Mr. A is a Gloomy Hamlet; Mr. B is a Scholarly Hamlet; Mr. C is a Bitter Hamlet; Mr. D is a Royal Hamlet; Mr. E is a Rude Hamlet; Messrs. F, G, and H are Poetical, Tempestuous, and Stark Mad Hamlets.

So they are written down. So they are recollected. What of the latest Hamlet, now being given us by Laurence Olivier at the Old Vic? It is spry—it is sinewy—it is capable of kangaroo-like leaps. Probably it will go down to posterity as an Athletic Hamlet. But I, personally, shall always think of it as a Handsome Hamlet—not that Mr. Olivier for one moment exploits or ever has exploited his good looks. It would not in the least surprise me to be told that he regards them as a millstone. But there they are. As the soliloquies proceed, I ask myself: "Could a man who looks like that think like that?" Or: "Could a man who thinks like that look like that?" This, assuredly, is not the face of one who has bad dreams, or who toys with the idea of suicide. (After which, Mr. Olivier will probably write to tell me that he does both!)

THERE was a suggestion beforehand that this was to be an Ernest Jones Hamlet—that is to say, a Hamlet in love with his mother, and therefore incapable of behaving as a lover should towards Ophelia. This, however, did not emerge in performance. Mr. Olivier's interpretation of Hamlet seemed no more psycho-analytical than George Howe's excellent performance as Polonius, or Alec Guiness's brilliant little sketch of Osric. Indeed, it struck me that if D'Artagnan (no friend of Freud) had played Hamlet, he might have given a performance not unlike Mr. Olivier's, which is at its best in moments of excitability.

Yet these moments of excitability are not always the most satisfactory, for in conveying the general impression, Mr. Olivier scamps the detail, and words that should speak volumes convey almost nothing at all.

THIS is notably the case after the play scene—which, by the way, is basely acted, with deliberate intent, as though by Bottom and Thisbe, and no less basely mocked, as though by the Court of Theseus. When Mr. Guthrie introduced his strollers without a woman in the company, we applauded his understanding and good sense. But when the appearance of a boy as the player-queen was immediately hooted and jeered at by the stage spectators, what a departure from Shakespearean intention was there! Never in the whole history of *Hamlet* can this play-scene have been more astonishingly misinterpreted.

Nevertheless, praise to the Old Vic. For how good it is to see *Hamlet* given to us in its entirety, and so making sense all through. Let us have done for ever with mangled versions that convert the last half of the evening into little more than Famous Scenes from the Play. How Mr. Olivier must feel around midnight on Saturdays, after giving a matinée as well as an evening performance, we shrink to contemplate. But it is a great feat—and none gamer for a feat than he.

Sketches by Rouson

Polonius (George Howe) warns daughter Ophelia (Cherry Cottrell) against the Prince's proposals

A merry widow and Queen of Denmark (Dorothy Dix)

John Everard

Anne Firth is the Heroine of "Crooked Cross"

The presentation of this play at the Westminster is part of Mr. Anmer Hall's policy of staging pieces which will appeal to intelligent playgoers: a policy which deserves their support to the full. So far this season he has given Turgenev, Ibsen and Granville Barker; now comes a first play, Sally Carson's, dealing with the effect of the Nazi "revolution" on family life in Germany. Anne Firth has her first big chance in *Crooked Cross*, too, and takes it with a well-balanced, convincing interpretation of the German girl in love with a Jew ("a performance without fireworks, but full of light"). So far her stage experience has only been walking on or dancing at the Old Vic and in Gielgud's Hamlet tour. She is eighteen, the daughter of an American singer who married his English accompanist, is herself ardently musical (plays the piano in this part), and rides for recreation

Anthony

Constant Lambert Has Been Very Active Lately

This front-rank English conductor-composer's activities fall conveniently into two categories, those at Sadler's Wells and those outside. He is Miss Lilian Baylis's conductor for ballet and can be seen any Tuesday night at the Wells, where he has built up an ensemble of a high standard. His first ballet music was commissioned when he was twenty by Diaghilev, for *Romeo and Juliet*. Since then he has written *Pomona*, done at Sadler's Wells some years ago, and he arranged the Beethoven music for *Prometheus* and the Liszt music for Ashton's *Apparitions*, both of which figure regularly on the Vic-Wells green programme sheet. As well as this work 1937 saw Constant Lambert in two new rôles: he conducted at Covent Garden and he conducted the London Philharmonic, both for the first time, the former in *Manon Lescaut* (he is a great Puccini lover) on January 4th and twice subsequently; the latter at the Queen's Hall when Sigurd Rascher was soloist. His own last composition, *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, was given there in the spring of '36; Lambert also writes about music knowledgeably and to the point. He lives in Knightsbridge with his exotic-looking wife (who was Florence Kaye) and eighteen-months'-old heir

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE Houston Dictatorship being over, as the *Saturday Review* boys put it the other day, notifying the public of their change back to traditional Conservatism, old skipper H. Warner Allen will now be able to take a watch off occasionally and lie down. Under Lady Houston's régime he didn't get much time off for sleep. Sailing a yacht with owner aboard is always something of a strain on the captain, especially when the owner is a bit whimsy and wayward and wants to sail backwards at times. Good luck to Skipper Allen and his boys, and good luck also (now we think of it) to Mrs. Boker of Accrington, who is trying Tumpo for her acidity, as we see from the papers. Good luck to everybody—that 's our mood this week, with sunshine, love, and laughter in the air.

We 've had a little to do with the *Saturday*, on and off; mainly off. We had most to do with it just after the war in Gerald Barry's régime. In those days Mr. Priestley (who did a weekly essay, very good) was then only a footpath through the woods. Everybody 's grown a lot since, especially Edward Shanks, Sir John Squire, and J. B. ("Beachcomber") Morton, then the wee-est mite, so high, with a tiny ache, but now a great big boy and certainly old enough to know better. We wrote a few bits for the paper ourselves, slipping them past when Mr. Barry was ill or on holiday, but all was taken in good part and no bones were broken. Skipper Allen also musters a rattling good crew, including Mark Forrest, the only Film Critic in the trade who has all new films shown him privately at the Bath Club, his doctor having ordered him never to move.

Enigma

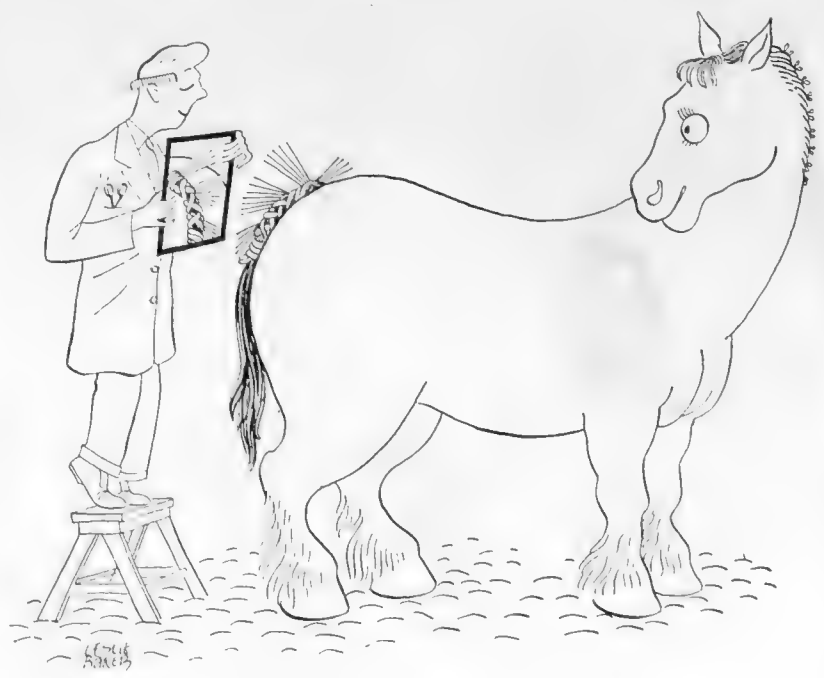
THE peculiar case of Mr. Christopher Hollis, aged thirty-five, author, late history master at Stonyhurst, invites the attention of those who like worrying over the insoluble. A couple of years ago Mr. Hollis, who evidently for some time, unbeknown to his friends, had been secretly addicted to economics as a hobby, came out openly and published a book on the subject called *The Breakdown of Money*. President Roosevelt read it. The result is that Mr. Hollis sails for America in a couple of weeks on a three-year contract to enquire into the causes of world depression, on which subject he already has, apparently, masses of grim and depressing data.

The point to worry over is that a man still young and healthy should thus suddenly turn into an economist from choice. Neither at Eton nor Balliol, still less at Stonyhurst, did Mr. Hollis give any indication of oddness, people say. Economists are wizened in body and soul and women shun them. When (rarely) they laugh, they laugh huskily, in a whiffling tremolo, "Heh, heh." They shun the company of humans, live on water and offal, know nothing, and, when a bright light is suddenly turned on them, scurry back into their holes in the floor. Mr. Hollis laughs constantly "Ha, ha!" in a voice like the clash of brazen gongs, likes food and wine and jokes, is happily married, with a young family, knows Greek and Boswell and Old Paris and American foreign policy from Washington down to the truth about the Elizabethans and the Works of Erasmus, makes epigrams, sings—not terribly well—between meals, plays cricket, and, when he cuts himself in shaving, bleeds blood, whereas economists bleed a kind of loathsome greyish sand.

How does this economic stuff begin? With a rash and a sore throat? Spots? A sort of leathery feeling in the morning? Do you frankly like the idea? Do you like butter?

Makes-Ya-Think Dept.

WITH little emotion, save an instinctive shrinking, we note a resurgence of moustaches in the news. First it was a news-story about a Hungarian swineherd named Mr. Kontra who claims to own the largest moustache in the world. It is 28 inches long and Mr. Kontra oils it twice daily and winds it round a ram's horn when he goes to bed, to keep the shape. Next day there was a news-story about a man at a party at Erndtsbrueck, Westphalia, whose moustache was so enormous that somebody offered him fifteen shillings for it; whereupon he cut it off and accepted the money. Twenty-four hours later somebody took a crack at M. François-Poncet, French Ambassador to Berlin, alleging that he had deliberately grown a moustache exactly resembling Herr Hitler's.



And the day after reading *that*, James Pryde told us he had seen Max Beerbohm in Pall Mall wearing a cavalry moustache. No reason was asked or given, but we well imagine the Beerbohm moustache is not there merely for pomp or show. It exhales some subtle social criticism, no doubt. Perhaps the swiftly-extending defilement of London by the builders has produced it as a protest. Perhaps the final pulling down of the Adelphi, which wrung

a lightly gloomy essay from Mr. Beerbohm when it was first mooted, some time ago, did the trick, and Mr. Beerbohm woke up one morning to find himself hirsute. Anyway it seems no good worrying over it now. We do not even know its name.

If despair ever urged us to pollute our features with that sort of hair, we would go the whole hog and grow a Padge. You no doubt remember Mr. Padge in *The Diary of a Nobody*. He is a short vulgar man who appears to be all moustache, and the only thing he ever utters is "That 's right." Those are the only words fit to be strained through a Padge, and unless you grow a Padge there is no point in growing anything—that 's our position in a nutshell.

Buckshee

THAT must have been a terrible moment at a recent first night when, so one of the gossip boys averred, at least five women encountered each other in the foyer, each wearing a copy of the same identical evening coat model. Oh, the flashes from those eyes! Oh, the steely timbre beneath the purring!

According to "Beachcomber," the cynical old hound, these coats must all have been review-copies. If so, it 's pretty unprofessional to keep and wear them. Book-critics generally bung the stuff round to the second-hand booksellers next day. Critics of trade papers who review boots and yachts and gramophones and houses and jewellery and blast furnaces and what not dispose of them with equal speed, we 're informed. It 's a tradition of the profession. The book-reviewers' best "high" within living memory occurred in February 1922, when the first edition of Joyce's *Ulysses* came over from Paris. One of the toughest numbers in the booksy racket met us in the Strand next morning, rubbing his hands. He 'd shot round to the Savoy in the small hours and sold his review copy to a half-wakened American for ten pounds, cash, beating half a dozen others of the Craft to it with ease. A coup like this needs foresight, acumen, perspicacity, push, drive, big thinking, large planning, celerity of execution, and every other quality which makes a financier so damnable. But some of the boys are capable of anything. We 've seen them hit women at parties for not giving them half a crown for the review copy of some dud novel quickly enough.

None of these remarks apply to you, Robert Lynd, Alan Thomas, Ralph Straus, Howard Spring, and a few other members of a small set bitterly called The Ugpoos by the reviewing underworld. The word comes from "Ugh! Pooh!", and is expressive of these critics' studied aloofness from the gunman tactics of the majority. "Yah, Ugpoo!" is the cry hurled at them by reviewers' narks at parties. We have Mr. Thomas's authority for explaining that it isn't snobbery which dictates this attitude; just decency and good form.

Midnight Juice

MR. E. W. B. GILL, Domestic Bursar of Merton and Chairman of the Electricity Committee of Oxford City Council, reports that the number of units of electricity consumed by Oxford colleges in 1936 was on the average 1000 units to every person living in College—"probably one of the highest domestic consumptions per head in England." This is very gratifying. It shows that the boys are reading away and improving their minds, and not wasting the money their kind parents provide, sometimes at great sacrifice, for their education ("From *L. educatus*; allied to *L. educere*, to bring out"—Skeat). After a strenuous, healthful day on the river or in the playing-fields nothing is more refreshing than a half-hour with a good book. We conclude the dons are reading a bit as well, God bless them. The whole place is a hive of industry.

Little did Mr. Josiah Lambkin of Burford realise, when he wrote his famous Newdigate on "the Benefits Conferred By Science, Especially in Connection with the Electric Light" (*c.* 1865) that the prophecy of the clarion lines:

When Science has discovered something more
We shall be happier than we were before

would be so signally realised seventy years later. Last time we were in Oxford we couldn't help noticing the happy faces all round, beaming with innocence, health, and determination. This was especially noteworthy at a gathering of a small Buchmanite group. Each member in turn having revealed his little peccadilloes in lavish, enjoyable detail, there was general joy.

"Getting a bit thin on top, isn't he?"

"If you can't teach me to sing like Cab Calloway you'll have to go"

Allez Oop!

APROPOS electricity, art-lovers have been complaining recently about the ceiling-lights at the National Gallery, which make it difficult to see a painting through the reflection in its covering glass of the observer, other people, and the ceiling-lights themselves. Dark paintings, or paintings high up, are especially difficult to examine on this account.

The grumblers should do what we do when we want to see a very high picture—get all the people standing near to form a pyramid. Apart from its enabling us to see the picture, this device employs these people in some practical occupation. They otherwise just stand round gaping and looking silly, serving no purpose whatsoever. Having assembled and piled them, the stronger and fatter ones firmly interlocked below, the women and children above, we take a run back of about 15 yards, shout "Allez—*oop!*", spring, clamber neatly to the top, and examine the Corot or the Velasquez at our leisure. If the pyramid begins to sway or grizzle or wobble, as it may do after twenty minutes or so, rap the nearest heads sharply with your magnifying-glass. If it breaks, fall on the fattest unit. This is a better method than clambering over the Gallery roofs, breaking a skylight, and hanging from a rope.

A good joke was played on the Gallery public recently by a supposed German art critic in a long red beard who insisted on examining a small Goya, skied right up on the top line. With a great deal of fuss and expostulation he got together a pyramid of about fifty people, reaching nearly to the roof. Having climbed to the top he then nipped cleverly out of a skylight and went home, leaving the pyramid standing unaware for a couple of hours, groaning and mumbling and saying it wasn't right and somebody ought to write to the papers. The Gallery attendants, sick with laughing, eventually told them what had occurred.

En Voiture!

FROM 9 to 9.45 p.m. the other night the Continental departure platform at Victoria sagged beneath the tread of the two biggest boys in London, ace-scenic-artist Aubrey Hammond and ace-impresario Henry Sherek, who finds all those legs for the Dorchester cabarets. Both weigh 50 stone each, have snow on their topmost peak, and can be climbed with the help of guides. What they were doing was measuring one of the French *wagons-lits* coaches which run nightly from Victoria on the new Dunquerque ferry service. The reason was that one or two of these coaches, with *fourgons* and accessories, will appear in a departure scene in the new St. James's Theatre show which Sherek is producing, and they wanted everything correct to a millimetre. It was an interesting scene, however, like a nursery after-teatime episode in Brobdingnag. They replaced each coach on the line very carefully after measuring it, so as not to annoy the Southern Railway. Unfortunately Lord Castlerosse is at the moment denting the springs of sleeping-cars in America, or there might have been fun. Fancy Mr. Hammond and/or Mr. Sherek rattling a *wagon-lit* in idle curiosity and finding the third biggest boy asleep in it!

Exotic

WHAT would you say a Rottweiler was—a Rhine wine or a cheese? What kind of cigar is a Chihuahua? How many eggs does a Rhodesian Ridgeback lay per week, and how do you play on the Shih-Tzu, with the fingers or a ten-inch nail? The answer adjudged correct (not to fool you wilfully) is that in each case it's a breed of dog, and they'll all be seen at Cruft's next month. It may be fun to cross a Labrador with a Peke, call the result a Brazilian Boojum, and put the new line across smart women who will fall for anything *outré*; but what about the unhappy animal's feelings? Exotic show dogs and freak flowers always look pretty sad to us, as sad as the Bearded Lady we once talked to in a travelling fair, a person of quiet melancholy charm; yet oddly enough real freak mongrels don't give a hoot, whatever their shape, but live a jolly life and be blowed to you. There may be a moral somewhere here, but we haven't time to worry it out.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"The General's medals, Sir—we forgot to take them off before pressing"

Films of the Day

Integrity of Acting in French Films: By George Campbell

THEY say the French film business has no money. They say the French drama is artificial and effete, as hidebound with conventions (though of a different sort) as it was in the days before Victor Hugo appalled the academicians by dropping the rules of Corneille and Racine into the ashcan. When my friend George Jean Nathan came to Europe every year, for the purpose of running his critical eye over the contemporary theatre, he would generally spend a few days in London, looking up old friends, and then get down to the real business of his visit in Berlin, in Vienna and in Moscow. The theatre of Paris he considered quite unworthy of serious consideration—and George Jean, like most professional jesters, is nothing if not serious.

ALL this is as may be. But what I should like to know is this. If the French theatre is so debased, so utterly trivial, so given up to the clichés of sexual passion and farces set in bedrooms with six doors, where do all these brilliant French actors come from? How are they trained? What accounts for the continuity of the great French tradition? It can't be all due to the Comédie Française and the ghost of Molière. For, mind you, I 'm not speaking of one or two showy stars like Sacha Guitry and Yvonne Printemps. I have in mind the small army of players, unknown on this side of the Channel, who give distinction to film after film, even if the story be poor, by the strength, the naturalness, the magnificent integrity of their acting.

Let me explain that by integrity I mean a quality which many—I would go so far as to say most—English and American players sadly lack. It might be defined, in Oscar Wilde's phrase, as the artist's sense of responsibility to his materials. It is the actor's obligation to play, to *be*, so far as he can, the character described in the script, instead of trying to impose his own personality on the story because (*a*) he thinks his own personality is more attractive and entertaining; or (*b*) he can play no other. In short, it is just being honest with the public.

THE qualities I have tried to describe were displayed to perfection in *Mayerling*, a work of art fit to compare with the finest achievements of 1936 in painting, in architecture and in the drama. They may be studied again in *Fear*. *Fear* is not such a great film as *Mayerling*, but it is an uncommonly fine one, in nowise to be missed if you 're fond of good art and a good time. Stefan Zweig has written an intelligent triangle story with a new twist, no mean feat in itself; Tourjansky has directed with a touch at once sensitive and strong; and find me, if you can, three better players for these particular rôles than Gaby Morlay, Charles Vanel and Suzy Prim.

MLLE. MORLAY is a very experienced stage actress: so far as I know, this is her first experience of films. She plays a typical Frenchwoman of the *haute bourgeoisie*, flattered by the attentions of a good-looking young musician, but fundamentally cautious and domesticated, devoted to husband, children, and security. Every look, every gesture, every intonation, rings true. Write me down as a bad prophet if we do not see more of Mlle. Morlay. She is not beautiful. She probably has no sex appeal, in the sense that Mae West, or even Jean Harlow, has. But she can act. She can make you feel the hopes and fears, the tremors, and beating heart of an animated shadow on a screen.

M. Vanel, too, is a first-rate actor. He has no obvious mannerisms, like Wallace Beery, or Lionel Barrymore, or George Arliss. He is what the film requires him to be—a strong, able-looking barrister, driven almost crazy by doubts of his wife's faithfulness. And Suzy Prim, the tall, curious-looking blonde (curious, perhaps, because she is an odd mixture of conventional, fluffy sex-appeal and steely resolution)—what shall I say of her? Nothing, except that you really must compare her vindictive blackmailer in *Fear* with her addle-headed gossip in *Mayerling*, and observe how easily, with what a perfect command of technique, a great actress gains her effects. I can think of a dozen women on the English stage who might have been cast for one of these two rôles, though not many who could have played both. But one character would have been farce, the other melodrama. Played by the oddly-named Miss Prim, both were real life.

Kay Francis Plays Diana Wynyard's Part in "Sweet Aloes"

Kay Francis has enhanced her London reputation twice in six months, first of all as Florence Nightingale in "The White Angel," now as Belinda Warren in the film of "Jay Mallory's" long-running play. "Sweet Aloes" (at the New Gallery) was directed for Warners' by Archie L. Mayo, who is also making the film of another London stage success (also by a woman), "Call It a Day." George Brent plays the long-suffering American husband of Belinda, Henry Stephenson (with Miss Francis in the picture) is Lord Farrington

OTHERWISE, last week was rather banal. There was a curious French surrealist film about schoolboys (a scrubby lot), the title of which *Zero de Conduite* (*Nought for Behaviour*), inevitably prompted waggish critics to offer nought for direction, nought for story and nought for surrealism. Jean Arthur, enchanting in *The Ex-Mrs. Bradford*, was rather wasted on *Manhattan Madness*, a sort of cross between *The Thin Man* and *Three-Cornered Moon*. And I, for one, am of opinion that there are plenty of crooners who *can* croon, without encouraging Gene Raymond who (in *Walking on Air*) only too obviously can't.

By way of compensation, Gracie Allen was superb in *College Holiday*, a crazy musical which has a certain amount of wit, and could do with a good deal more.

Intimate Interview

Isabel Jeans Received the Photographer As She Made Up

To the discerning theatre-goer Isabel Jeans means sophistication with the accent on the sophist. Superbly, she gets the last word, if not by speech, then by significant gesture. One of the best-dressed women on the London stage (what a figure for splendid clothes!), she gives an enchanting performance as Madame Galvoisier in Noel Coward's production of Bernstein's *Mademoiselle.* Captain North took these pictures in her dressing-room as she prepared for her part in that success of 1936, now starting an eight weeks' tour at Golder's Green

Isabel Jeans: Stage Door Style

Transformation—Scene I

C'est le Dernier Pas qui Coûte

Made Up to Make Up

Isabel Jeans: Madame Galvoisier

Photographs by Peter North

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 4: Mrs. Clare Sheridan

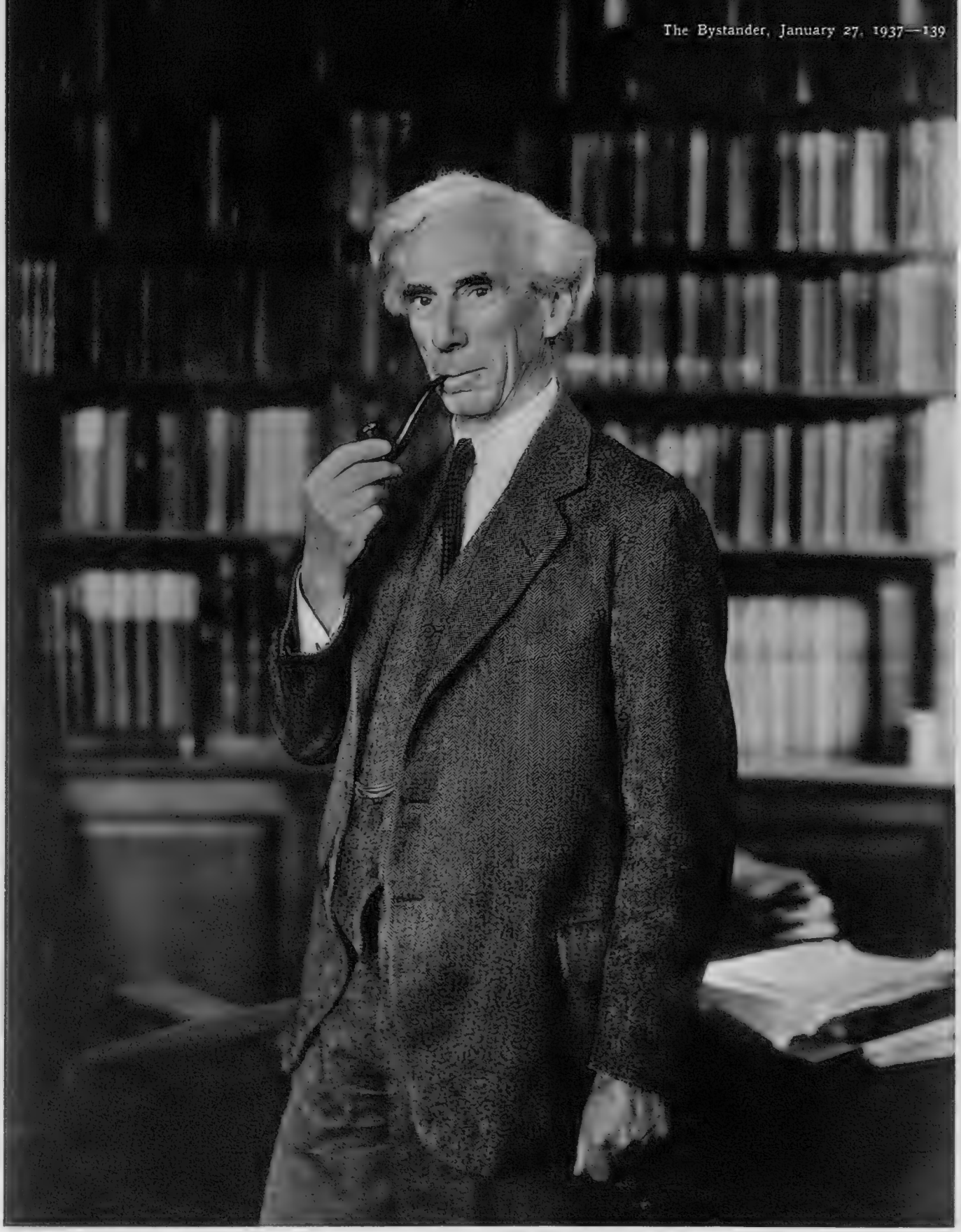
THE last of the Grand Romanticists—that is Clare Sheridan. Built on the grand scale, she does everything on the grand scale. If she sculpts an Italian, it is Mussolini; if she sculpts a film star, it is Charles Chaplin; ditto with Russians—Zinoviev, Lenin, Trotzky; and so on. She has not yet sculpted Mustapha Kemal. This is her only regret.

Clare is a cousin of Winston Churchill, daughter of the late Moreton Frewin and widow of the direct descendant of the original Sheridan. Her life has been a perpetual rebellion. As a debutante she went to Capri (where Axel Munthe was living) instead of spending the usual season in London. As a war widow, she took up sculpture. As a mother of marriageable children, she wrote a very frank autobiography and built a house on the proceeds at Biskra, where she lived eight years.

Clare Sheridan is always torn between two stools. Sculpture is her dominant form of self-expression—for which she has to reside in large cities; and her real passion in life is to live in the wilds, which is not exactly compatible. At least, though, she never allowed herself to be tied down by her children. They always took pot-luck with her. But to-day she must be feeling terribly lonely, for her brilliant son Richard died tragically last week: the girl is married to a French Vicomte. Clare Sheridan is warm, generous, statuesque, superstitious, and afraid of nothing except mad people. She was born in Virgo, under the sign of Aquarius. She has her own pet astrologer, never walks under a ladder, and although brought up as a Protestant in Ireland, was sent to school in a convent in Paris, having previously had an Alsatian governess. In her opinion, the four greatest men she ever met were Lenin, Gandhi, Keyserling and Trotzky—in that order. Mussolini has the finest head of any man she ever met. But she also dislikes him the most. It was the late Lord Birkenhead who really "produced" her, aided by Captain Freddy Guest. In America, Herbert Swope befriended her. In Ireland she saw something of Michael Collins.

Clare Sheridan may be described as literally the greatest head-hunter of the civilised world. She has hunted the heads of the international celebrities of every nation from Lord Oxford and Asquith to the President of Mexico. She works quickly and efficiently. She writes concisely and wittily on any subject suggested to her. She has tasted life to the full, but her inability to have any sense of money values has prevented her from becoming as rich as her unusual talents deserve. Yes, she is a real Romanesque.

Charles Graves



Howard Coster, London

Bertrand Russell—Philosopher, Mathematician, Pacifist

It is now three or four months since Bertrand Russell threw down his gauntlet to all who don't support stubborn pacifism, and so far no one has taken it up. Storming a bastinado is one thing; storming Mr. Russell's reasoned position is quite another. *Which Way to Peace?* was the name of the book. Its author was born in 1872, the grandson of Lord John Russell (then Earl Russell). He went up to Trinity, Cambridge, and made a brilliant academic career, getting a first-class in Mathematics and Moral Sciences and a Fellowship in 1895. The next year his first book, *German Social Democracy*, appeared and was followed in the next fourteen years by four publications on mathematics and philosophy alternatively. In 1911 his *Principia Mathematica* (written with Dr. A. N. Whitehead) was published and since then twenty-one more of his erudite and mercilessly mathematically reasonable works have appeared, some for the specialist (*The Analysis of Matter*), some for the general (*The A.B.C. of Atoms, Marriage and Morals*), and three political treatises. Russell succeeded to the title that he doesn't use on his brother's death in 1931. His educational theories and their practical outcome in the Beacon Hill School are well known. He has been thrice married (like his brother), first to Alys Pearsall Smith, then to Dora Black; the present Mrs. Russell was Patricia Spence

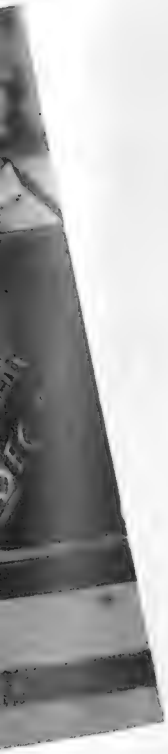
Marlene Dietrich as Countess Alexandra Adraxina

Saraturs

The Clapper

Marlene Dietrich's first English film is finished and the star has sailed away back to Hollywood for a new one with Lubitsch. Robert Donat, her lead, has hopes of putting on a play. Korda is holidaying in Switzerland. Director Jacques Feyder (whose *Kermesse Héroïque* still runs and runs) is staying on to supervise cutting. And the big sets for *Knight Without Armour*, the Russian railway train specially imported, stand deserted and done with at Denham. These on-set photographs were taken some weeks back, and show Marlene, as the Countess Alexandra, returned to her country villa from a Petrograd rotten with revolution; her escape, aided by Donat (as an English journalist), forms the backbone of the film. The clapper-board on the right, as film-fans know, marks the beginning of each take with its cutting action; Stradling is the photographer, and the cryptograms below that mean that the shot is a Day Interior, Silent

Station of Escape



rd

Marlene Dietrich on the Set

These Photographs of "Knight Without Armour" Were Specially Taken by Norman Parkinson

Below: Khalinsk, Untouched by Revolution—as Yet

Anthony

Lilian Baylis of the Old Vic

You probably know the outstanding facts of this courageous and determined woman's life: that she was born of musical parents, her father a baritone, her mother a contralto and pianist; that she was trained as a violinist herself, toured England and South Africa with them, giving pioneer concerts on the veldt and becoming one of the first teachers in the Rand; that she returned to become assistant manager of the Royal Victoria Hall (Old Vic) under her aunt, the great Emma Cons, succeeding, on the latter's death in 1912, to the managership: you probably know of her subsequent fight for standard drama, of her re-opening of Sadler's Wells in 1931, and of her eventual establishment, fully flourishing to-day, of permanent English opera, ballet and Shakespeare companies at the two theatres, which speak more for her than could square miles of print. You may have seen her before the Vic curtain on the season's opening night, in cap and gown, and hear her speech drowned in applause and laughter as the regulars anticipate her annual appeal for support (a big debt still encumbers her work). But you probably haven't seen her, as often as not accompanied by her beloved dogs, sitting in her Vic box during a performance, dealing with correspondence or business to the warmth of a stove; or again in a paper cap playing Sir Roger de Coverley for the Shakespeare company's annual party after the Boxing Day matinée. Lilian Baylis more than deserves her C.H., her honorary M.A. (Oxon.), and LL.D. (Birmingham) and all the ever-growing support that London audiences can give

BEAUTY IS MUCH MORE THAN SKIN-DEEP

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"Bystander" Short Story No. 73

A Single Rose

By Sally Benson

JOHN FORD felt that he was about to have another one of his love affairs. He had not had them too frequently in the past two or three years, because of an incomprehensible dearth of his sort of women. Ten or fifteen years ago, it seemed to him, the world had been full of interesting, intelligent women to whom one could write enigmatic little notes and to whom one could send two or three yellow roses with real Japanese restraint. But recently — well, Mr. Ford didn't attempt to understand anything.

Last night, at the Johnsons', he had met Helen Paynter. She had worn a soft, brown dress; bronze, beaded slippers; and a large gold locket on a heavy gold chain. Mr. Ford always felt that there must be something to a woman who preferred gold. So he had gone over to where she sat apart from the rest and had drawn up a chair facing her. For a minute he looked at her without speaking. Then he said: "If I were a clever man, I should put on my coat, get my hat, and run from this house."

Mrs. Paynter fingered her locket and said nothing. "But, as I am not," he went on, "I am afraid that I shall sit right where I am and expose myself to your very dangerous charm." It had been a long time since Mr. Ford had had the opportunity to say anything like that.

After that they had talked together for almost an hour and Mr. Ford had been at his best. He had a delicious sense of humour. Mr. Paynter was acting happy and a little boisterous across the room. It was odd, Mr. Ford thought, how the husbands of the women who had interested him resembled one another. Later in the evening, when a Mr. Dillon, who was double-jointed, suggested that they all see if they could pick up a handkerchief with their teeth without touching their hands to the floor, Mrs. Paynter had left. Mr. Ford noticed that she left alone. Mr. Paynter had entered into the spirit of the evening and didn't feel a bit sleepy.

Of course, Mr. Ford didn't suggest seeing her home and he felt that she understood that, too, by the way she had smiled at him when she told him good night.

The next day he did what he had always done. He sent her a really magnificent Claudius Pernet rose and a note. It said: "Could you have luncheon, tea, dinner with me to-day, to-morrow, or any time? I hardly understand this amazing impatience of mine, but find that I must own up to it. Luncheon, to-day, would be almost too perfect to hope for, but—will you?" And he had simply signed his name. The note had no beginning. The first ones never did. Afterwards he might say: "Helen, my dear," but not just yet.

She telephoned that she would love to have lunch with him and now Mr. Ford was waiting in a discreet little restaurant in the East Sixties, where he felt the would not be seen. Mr. Ford protected his women.

He thought she looked very charming when she met him. But she was not wearing his rose. "That was a lovely flower you sent me," she said, pulling off her gloves. "Goodness, I don't know when anyone has sent me any flowers." She laughed embarrassedly. "Well, flower, then. Of course, nobody wants dozens and dozens of flowers. It isn't a question of how many flowers you get, is it? Just that someone thought of it."

Mr. Ford thought of Mary Parmelee, who had worn her rose. That was ten, or twelve, years ago. She hadn't said a word about it, but she touched it lightly with her fingers as she talked, which was quite enough.

After they had ordered, Mr. Ford leaned across the table toward Helen Paynter. She was prettier than he had thought last night, prettier and smarter. For a minute, he felt something lacking, but remembering the gold locket, he rallied.

"I wonder if you know," he said, "that I thought you were one of the loveliest things last night that I had ever seen?"

"Oh!" Mrs. Paynter said, looking pleased.

"So few women know how to—well, what shall I say?" He gestured helplessly with his hands.

"I wonder," Mrs. Paynter said, "if you noticed that very thin girl in black. Her name is Mildred something."

Mr. Ford said that he hadn't. "I left almost as early as you did," he told her. "There didn't seem to be anything to stay for."

Decoration by Tom Chadwick

"She's very, very thin," Mrs. Paynter said. "Too thin."

During lunch, Mr. Ford talked to her in his most disarming manner. He would send her a book, he said, something that hadn't been published here yet. She could have his copy. Of course, he had marked some passages that had particularly delighted him, but she must ignore his comments, because he was terribly anxious to know what she thought.

With the coffee he mentioned her husband for the first time. Mr. Ford was wonderful about people's husbands. Wild horses couldn't have dragged an adverse criticism from him. It was one thing to become interested in a married woman, but it was another thing to make comparisons. It was not playing the game.

"Of course, your husband is utterly mad about you," he said.

Mrs. Paynter looked up at him quickly. "Harry?" she asked. "Harry is a pig. A perfect pig."

Mr. Ford was profoundly shocked. Nothing like this had ever happened to him before.

"Did you ever see anyone act like such a clown as he did last night?" she went on. "Rolling around on the floor like a great, awkward moose. I told him so, too. I said: 'Harry, if you knew what you looked like rolling on the floor that way, like a great clumsy moose, you wouldn't do it.'" She sipped her coffee. "But if I act like that, does he like it? I should say not. He gets perfectly furious. Why, lots of times when I've been rather silly, I could just feel Harry's eyes boring through me like steel.

"And I was really embarrassed for him the way he acted with that Mildred something. She must have thought he'd lost his mind, although I suppose she's used to that sort of thing. Didn't you think he made a perfect fool of himself, frankly?"

Mr. Ford said he hadn't noticed.

"If I did anything like that, he'd be wild." She leaned across the table, her eyes sparkling excitedly. "Well, do you know what I did? I left that note you sent me open right on the living-room table and I put the rose in a vase beside it. I suppose he thinks no one ever pays any attention to me."

"He may not read it," Mr. Ford said.

"Oh, he'll read it, all right," Mrs. Paynter told him. "He's the most peculiar man you ever saw. And he'll be wild, too. Simply wild." She laughed happily. "Do you know what I wish you'd do? Just for fun. Telephone me about seven this evening and I'll talk to you about our lunch together. Acting the way he does, rolling on the floor and everything. Will you? Promise?"

Mr. Ford promised.

Walking across town to his hotel, he felt the wind terribly. It was odd, he thought, that women no longer seemed to care for flowers or knew how to play the game.

THE END.

Coronation Debutantes

Lady Ann Stuart-Wortley

Is the eldest of Lord and Lady Wharncliffe's five children and will represent the large and brilliant Montagu-Stuart-Wortley-Mackenzie family amongst this year's debutantes. Her maternal grandmother, Lady Fitzwilliam, has decided to give two dances for her (one at her Chesterfield Street house). Lord and Lady Wharncliffe live at Wortley Hall, near Sheffield

The Hon. Ferelith Kenworthy

Right, above: Ferelith Kenworthy, descended from the Kings of Scotland, is Lord and Lady Strabolgi's only daughter. Her father, as Commander Kenworthy, made his name in the Lower House as the active member (first Liberal, then Labour) for Kingston-upon-Hull; he succeeded as tenth baron in 1934; her mother is a daughter of the late Sir Frederick Whitley-Thomson

Right: Princess Priscilla Bibesco will be presented by her mother, who is Lady Oxford's younger daughter and married Prince Antoine Bibesco in 1919. He has been Rumanian Minister in Washington and Madrid, and the family alternates now between England, Corcova (Roumania) and their Paris home on the Quai Bourbon. Priscilla Bibesco is seventeen

Photographs by Yevonde, Pearl Freeman and Bassano

Princess Priscilla Bibesco

ZERMATT: the Hon. Robin Maugham, Lord Maugham's heir, and Miss Gillian Dearmer, daughter of the late Canon of Westminster, were laughing at a witticism of Mr. Fletcher Cooke's. Robin Maugham and Charles Fletcher Cooke were contemporaries at Cambridge, where the latter was president of the Union

ZERMATT: Mr. Peter Lunn, No. 1 English ski-runner and scion of a great winter sports family, was photographed with Frl. Gertrud Seiler, daughter of Dr. Herman Seiler, president of the Swiss Hotel Association and "King" of Zermatt. Peter Lunn's S.C.G.B. jersey bears the Fédération Internationale badge

SILS-MARIA: Lady Congleton was at the charming Engadine resort, noted for its beginners' facilities, with the eldest of her seven children, the Hon. Mary Parnell; she is to be a Coronation debutante. The present Lord Congleton, who is eleven, succeeded in '32

Winter Sport

A Medley from Zerm

VILLARS: on the left is a platform view of Mr. Victor Wild and his sister, Mme. Pierre Jeannerat, as their train left for La Bretaye. It 's Victor Wild's first ski-ing season; he has just left Eton, where he was three years in the cricket team

VILLARS: the rink here, on which Mr. Alexander Ballingal was photographed with his sister Sheila (she came out last season), is considered one of the best in Switzerland. . . . It had come on to snow when Lady Blane and Mr. W. G. McGregor (right) met the camera. He was in the Scots Guards but has graduated to the Stock Exchange; Lady Blane, widow of the fourth and last baronet who was killed at Jutland, is the mother of that expert ski-er, Helen Blane

ZERMATT: Mr. Geoffrey Yates, Olympic badge on breast, is supporting Frl. Gerte Winter, though it 's quite unnecessary, for she is a former German lady champion. Her all-wool outfit is a temperature rather than a fashion note

SILS-MARIA: the two attractive girls on the left are the Misses Evlyn and Florence Eaton, daughters of the late Sir John Eaton, Toronto's stores king, and Lady Eaton. Directly above are Mr. and Mrs. Donald Rumble outside their hotel at Zermatt

ZERMATT: the attractive girl above is Miss Noelle de Pentheny O'Kelley and her escort is Captain Roderick Davies, Grenadier Guardsman and son of a Grenadier Guardsman—General Sir Francis Davies, of Elmley Castle, Pershore

Scrapbook

Sils-Maria and Villars

ZERMATT: there is a big Irish contingent at the go-ahead resort that is organising weekly high-mountain tours and two of that contingent's most decorative (as well as energetic) members are Miss Deirdre MacDermot and Miss Ronnie Monahan

VILLARS: another picture taken in falling snow was of Miss Agatha O'Laughlin and Miss Ethel Leverson, Lady Blane's sister and a member of the technical committee of the S.C.G.B. Agatha O'Laughlin is being chaperoned out there by Lady Blane, who presented her last season

ZERMATT: Lady Brunner posed for the camera with her family: Barnabas, the second, is on the left; John, the heir, in front of his mother; baby Hugo in her arms and Dan, the third, on the right. She is the wife of Sir John Brunner, fourth baronet, chairman of the Investment Trust of his name

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Memoirs, Novels and "The Great Imposture": By Alan Thomas

"OH! Dr. Mitchell, what a charming time you must have among all the dear animals! I do so envy you!" This is the typical "dear old lady" remark that has haunted Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell ever since he was appointed Secretary to the Zoo in 1903. Like most remarks of the kind, it was wide of the mark; for as Sir Peter says in his reminiscences published under the title, *My Fill of Days* (Faber and Faber; 15s.), the greater part of his time at the Zoo was concerned with administration rather than with animals. The Zoo, however, occupies only one chapter of the story. Sir Peter in his time has played many parts: some spectacular, as when he made what he calls the Golden Journey in 1920, a test flight from Cairo that should have ended at the Cape but ended instead in Tanganyika; some less spectacular but more weighty, as when he was writing leaders for the *Times* or helping to launch a new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He has conversed with Kings and Presidents; has faced and quelled breezy meetings of his Council; has served in the department of Military Intelligence during the war; has travelled extensively; has laid out Whipsnade Park, and once had the distinction of putting Lord Curzon of Kedleston in his place.

But the most arresting part of this scholarly and entertaining memoir is to be found in the final chapter and the Epilogue. In the former, Sir Peter gives in almost diary form a singularly vivid account of the outbreak of the Spanish civil war as he saw it from his house at Malaga. Through those days he wrote—indeed, he lived—from hour to hour. "I do not know," he says, "when or if ever I shall finish this chapter. As a shelterer of 'Rights,' I am compromised here; as a passionate 'Red,' I am in no mood to make the Fascist salute." To his "humiliation and grief," the "Rights" he contrived to smuggle out of Spain quickly re-entered the country—on the rebel side!

In the Epilogue Sir Peter expands on his belief that "the hope of preserving civilisation is the replacement of the capitalistic system by an organisation of society in which money is neither the reward of work nor its chief incentive." The choice, in his view, is between the acceptance of some such egalitarian system of society and "a swift plunge into an equality of destruction more horrible, physically and mentally, than the most ingenious pictures of hell imagined by the Christian religion." That a man of Sir Peter's wide knowledge and experience can retain his ideals—however unhopefully—is in itself a cause for optimism.

"THE OLD ASHBURN PLACE," by Margaret Flint (Harrap; 7s. 6d.), is a story of life on a New England homestead in the early days of this century. It is a pleasant, restful sort of tale, with something in it of the inexorable atmosphere which seems to surround families who live close to the soil. In this case the finger of an unrelenting fate is apparent from the beginning, when, in a short prelude, we see Charles Ashburn leaning on his hoe and thinking to himself how old he is getting. We know from the start that Charles is going to miss the bus. If he had been better educated, even if he had had a measure of self-confidence, he might have married the delicate and dark-eyed Marian Parks. Failing her, he might have led the strapping and loud-mouthed Maud Ripley to the altar—except that when the time came his brother Morris wanted, and consequently got, her. For Charles was not one to stand in the way of other people's desires. His dream, set down by Longfellow in words that Charles could never have commanded, was of a

> . . . house where gods may dwell,
> Beautiful, entire, and clean.

It was a dream he never realised. But he achieved instead a sense of resignation and of peace that kept him from being the grouchy old bachelor that people outside the family thought him.

Hugh Cecil

Miss Audrey Lucas

Audrey Lucas, E. V. Lucas's daughter, has written a study of life in Bloomsbury under the title of "Life Class." It is published by Collins and reviewed on this page

This book, which is a $10,000 Prize novel, is rich in characterisation and atmosphere. If I say that with me it was rather a case of having to plough my way through, it is only because with what may be called agricultural novels I usually have to use a plough. But Miss Flint "knows her stuff" and *The Old Ashburn Place* is a solid piece of work.

MISS AUDREY LUCAS'S very real talent for writing with sensibility and humour about all sorts and conditions of people is given full scope in her new novel, *Life Class* (Collins; 7s. 6d.). Its theme is life in a Bloomsbury boarding-house. The story she tells is on the thin side, but it holds together sufficiently to give her every opportunity to exploit her facility for portraiture, and her pen strokes are sharp and precise. The people at the boarding-house are the usual oddments. The latest arrival is Mathew Lennox, a well-born young man with literary leanings, whose brief visit is due to a desire to collect raw material for his new novel. When, as frequently happens, he has no stomach for boarding-house food, he dines with his aristocratic but impecunious family. The other inmates of the boarding-house have no such solace, and life there in an August heat-wave is indeed a grim business, especially for the people who run it—a doctor who has been struck off the register and his ex-barmaid wife. Among the boarders the most penetrating study is of a sex-starved typist whose attempted suicide is painfully vivid. Miss Lucas's comments on life and love are shrewd and witty and her character drawing is conspicuously good. Probably it is her choice of subject that makes the book seem slightly episodic and formless.

"BERNARD SHAW, FRANK HARRIS AND OSCAR WILDE," by Robert Harborough Sherard (Werner Laurie; 18s.), claims to be an exposure of "the greatest literary imposture of all time in the history of English Letters." The "imposture" in question is the late Frank Harris's *Oscar Wilde: His Life and Confessions*, which was generally hailed as a masterpiece and was highly praised by Bernard Shaw. Mr. Sherard, who is an old friend of Wilde's, has clearly delighted in his task. He has shown perhaps more liveliness than method in presenting his case: but he writes with knowledge and conviction. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the business, one can agree with M. André Maurois' somewhat guarded comment: "*Oui, cela m'intéresse.*"

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Alexander

Choosing tweeds is a fascinating occupation as there are so many varieties and endless scope for combining unusual colours. Checks, in particular, are always effective either plain or very bold in design. A simple overcheck in a contrasting colour distinguishes the Harris tweed which makes the suit above from the coats and skirts department at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It costs 13½ guineas, and is cut with a double-breasted coat and plain skirt, admirably tailored in every respect. The padded sleeves and high revers give a broad but unexaggerated shoulder line, while the patch pockets are practical and smart. A velvet scarf the same shade as the belt is tucked into the neck, while accessories such as hat and gloves are also chosen to tone. This suit can be made in various colours including brown with a blue overcheck, and is ideal for country wear in general

Greet the Spring With Straw

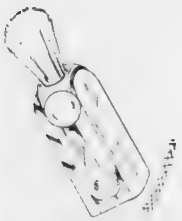
Watteau might well have painted this charming hat which is nothing more than a shallow saucer perched at a somewhat precarious angle. In coarse straw, lacquered black, it may be seen at Harrods, together with the model below. The trimming consists of a swathed band of green velvet ribbon tied in a crisp bow with two red roses tucked into the crown. Incidentally, flowers of all types are extensively used this season

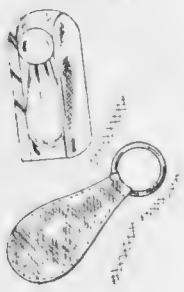
A new hat is one of the joys of spring, and Harrods, Knightsbridge, are showing a delightful and varied collection of advance models in straw and petersham. Sailor shapes, Breton and otherwise, are included for both town and country wear. The model below is sophisticated and very becoming. It is made in coarsely woven black lacquered straw, with a shallow crown and straight brim. A band of green petersham and cluster of shaded primulas lend a youthful air, while the stiffened veil softens the brim

Dover St. Studios

Though the new hats are all so varied there is a definite movement in favour of the pill-box. A glorified version of a Bell Boy's cap is seen on the left in grosgrain silk with veiling all round. This ties in a bow at one side, while an unexpected touch of colour is introduced by the green petersham ribbon which encircles the crown. Gay, frivolous trimmings in a mixture of colours predominate, and are particularly effective against a black background

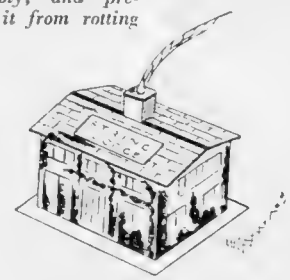
Tortoise-shell makes the bracelet above which is specially designed for a wrist watch. It is cool, very light, and a pleasant change from the usual moiré or leather strap. The price is 7s. 6d., and it comes from Revelation, 170, Piccadilly





Two views are given of the water-proof shaving brush on the left from Louis Vuitton, 149, New Bond Street. The head is on a swivel and when out of use folds into the handle so that no moisture is allowed to collect under the bristles. This prolongs the life of the brush considerably, and prevents it from rotting

The majority of shoe lifts are concave, but this one is perfectly flat and will take the shape of any heel. It is made of leather with a metal ring for hanging, and costs 4s. 6d. at Louis Vuitton, who specialise in travel accessories

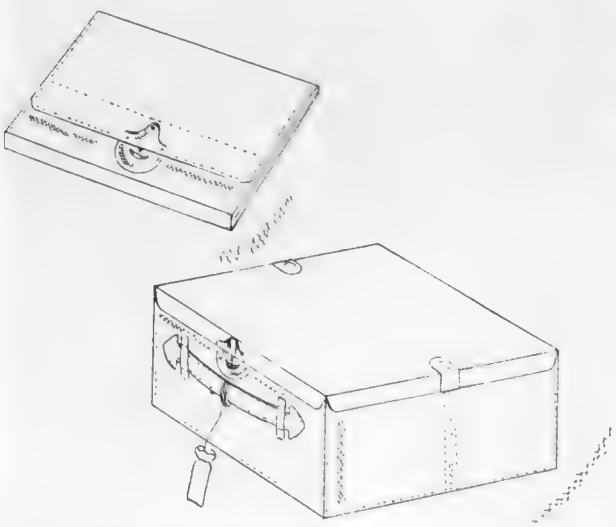


"String Lodge" is a charming reproduction of a country cottage overgrown with flowers and creepers. It is "For Sale" furnished with a ball of string, one end of which is seen blowing like smoke from a chimney

No more broken finger nails is one of the many advantages to be gained from the "Ideal" key ring which only costs 3d. at Revelation. It is accompanied by full instructions as to how to insert and withdraw the keys which are held securely by a spring

Keys in large quantities are often difficult to identify, but when they are numbered and recorded in an index, it becomes a simple matter to separate them. Sketched above is a key-ring complete with numbered tabs and an index. It costs 3s. 6d. and comes from Revelation

Flowers are still very fashionable, particularly at night when they are worn in the hair and round the neck. The garland of shaded anemones sketched above, accompanied by a small top-knot, is designed by Bembaron. It is entirely hand-made in feathers, mounted on a velvet ribbon



Many women will welcome the advent of a collapsible hat box which folds up quite flat when empty. It is made of "rexine" which is extremely hard-wearing, and expands to approximately 14½ inches square and 7½ inches deep. Revelation's have it for 25s.

Judging by the sketch on the right, the marabou is a bird who enjoys burning the "midnight oil." This lamp is in black polished wood with a revolving chromium beak which shades the bulb when necessary. It is both practical and decorative

Golf Clubs at Home: Gerrard's Cross

S. Benedictus (committee) and Gerald Jack (captain)

Captain K. M. Bruce, R.N. (secretary) and L. Bush

C. W. Ratcliffe (hon. treasurer) and F. W. Slaughter

The Gerrard's Cross Golf Club lies in Chalfont Park, formerly the property of a nephew of the great Duke of Marlborough. Chalfont Park is between Chalfont St. Peter and Gerrard's Cross, within easy reach of London by the Uxbridge Road or by rail. Its nineteen holes, on gravel subsoil, amid some of the finest scenery in Buckinghamshire, provide an interesting though not severe test. The new club-house was opened in November 1935

G. L. Salton

R. C. Fletcher

L. Harper

R. S. Walker

D. Betts

D. Reed

P. Devine, G. Gilbert (steward), C. Rabeneck and Admiral Smirnoff

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Luck is Essential

WHEN anyone wins a golf tournament by match play, it is nearly always interesting to look back and see whom he has beaten on his way to victory, how he has beaten them, and, more interesting still, how many times he has found himself in really critical positions and how he has managed to worm his way out of them ; also how often good fortune has come to his aid.

John Beck's journey to victory at Rye in the President's Putter is certainly worth recording. He started off, and very, very nearly finished, by playing E. F. Storey ; as was generally expected, this proved to be the best match in the first round, and did not end until the twenty-first green had been reached. Storey, who had been two up early on, looked a sure winner when Beck was bunkered at the ninth hole, which was their eighteenth hole ; Beck, however, managed to scramble a half in four to save his neck.

The nineteenth hole was played perfectly by both players, who holed from about two yards, one after the other, for a half in three ; the twentieth and twenty-first were both played perfectly by Beck, but Storey pushed his tee shot to the twenty-first, and could not get the four necessary to save the match. Good and brave play, assisted by a shade of luck, had been justly rewarded.

Beck then had two reasonably comfortable victories : he beat J. P. Marston by 3 and 2, and later T. R. Parry by 6 and 4. His next victim was A. J. Evans, who reached the final of this tournament in 1932 and 1935, and who, like Beck, is an ex-captain of the Rye Golf Club ; although Beck finally won by 3 and 2, he did not do so without having one or two very anxious moments, when a change of fortune might so easily have altered the final result. In this match, Beck produced two cruel thrusts : the first by holing a shot from a bunker at the ninth, and thus winning a hole which appeared, to all intents and purposes, lost ; and the second by holing at the long fifteenth (460 yards) for a three, from a distance at which I am prepared to play Larwood's bowling without the large amount of protective padding favoured by the modern batsman.

BECK next played Cyril Tolley, and, although he finally won by the comfortable margin of 4 and 3, the result was in the fire until the Sea Hole (thirteenth), which had a crucial bearing on the subsequent play. Beck stood one up on the thirteenth tee, from which he hit a bad tee shot, which was pushed, and finished in the long grass on the right. Tolley hit his tee shot straight, and it now looked reasonably certain that the players would be all square with five holes to play. Beck found his ball lying perfectly, and was able to play a wooden club shot, which he did to perfection, and finished right over the sand-hills, just short of the green. This must have been a very nasty blow to Tolley, who had had every reason to think, after the tee shots, that the hole was his for the taking ; he failed to make his ball aviate sufficiently quickly ; it struck the drain which runs across the course, and found a sandy hole in the dunes where, apparently, children, after playing in the sand, had left a bit of tin roofing.

Although the ball was lying extremely badly, Tolley managed somehow to jerk it out, but in doing so hit the tin on his back-swing ; whereupon, having a knowledge of the rules, he rightly conceded the hole to his opponent.

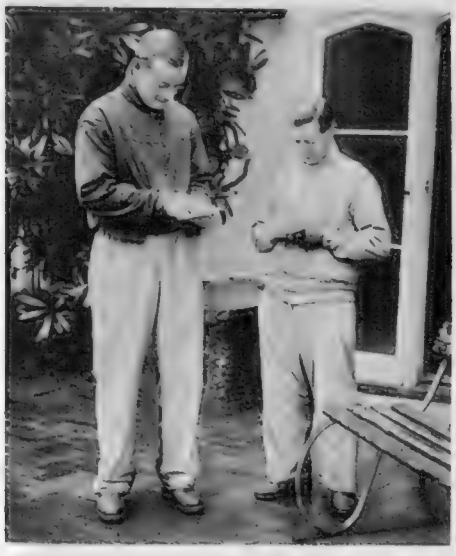
THE ignorant standing around appeared to think that Tolley had been extremely foolish, and that he still had a chance of a half, and that he had conceded the hole because he was annoyed at his own misfortune and at the good fortune of his opponent. But Tolley knew what the ignorant either did not know or did not think of : namely, that when in a hazard, in the back-swing only grass, bent, bush, tree, or other growing substance or the side of a bunker, wall, paling, or other immovable obstacle may be touched, and that therefore a loose bit of tin roofing cannot be touched on the back-swing in a hazard without paying the penalty of the loss of the hole.

Tolley, who could not fail to be shaken by the result of this hole, pushed his tee shot slightly at the one-shot fourteenth, and took four. Beck played the fourteenth perfectly and won it, and also the fifteenth, where yet again he did this long hole in three, and consequently Tolley's perfectly played four was of no avail.

Beck throughout this tournament not only played magnificently, but also fought magnificently, and there are many good players who cannot fight through the bad patches in their matches (sorry !). On the other hand, there are many good fighters who are not good golfers who manage to win a large proportion of the matches in which they take part. Yet in spite of his good play and the splendid way in which he fought when things were going against him, Beck could not win without a little bit of luck.

In truth, hardly anyone has ever won a big match-play golf tournament without having some narrow squeaks and a bit of luck.

THE last time I wrote words to this effect, I received a large number of letters from irate females who held the view that one lady can win golf matches without luck, and the lady to whom they referred was not, strange to say, Lady Heathcoat-Amory (even she has to have just a shade of luck occasionally). I shall look forward to a letter from Mrs. Beck, but I am afraid it will not be forthcoming.



The Guildford and District Alliance 18-Holes Stroke Competition at Wentworth

Captain J. C. Ritchie (West Hill ; 4) and V. S. Robertson (West Hill) were photographed making up their cards after play round the Wentworth East course. Ritchie returned 77 in the stroke competition

T. E. Cunningham and Major G. G. M. Bennett were a Sunningdale pair in the bogey foursomes, in which Donaldson and Putnam tied all square with a professional partnership between Matthews and Lacey

C. W. Mole (Reading and S. Oxon. ; plus 1) and T. F. B. Law (West Hill ; 1) both returned scores of 76 in the stroke competition won with 71 by D. J. Rees, the Surbiton assistant who won the "News of the World" Tournament last Autumn

The English Out of Doo

Exercising the National Prerogat

Left: When Major the Hon. Alexander Hardinge, Lord Hardinge of Penshurst's only son and Private Secretary to the King, left with Mrs. Hardinge for India, he was travelling on holiday; but it was generally believed that his visit was connected with the forthcoming Durbar of George VI. He was out there from 1915-16 as A.D.C. to the Viceroy

Left: A family group of Lord and Lady Wakehurst and their children was taken in a typical London out-of-doors soon after his appointment as Governor of New South Wales. Left to right in the younger generation's row are Honourables Robert, Christopher, David and Henrietta. Christopher, the heir, is eleven

Austrian Out of Doors

Swiss Out of Doors

Two of the most photographed English at St. Moritz (or, for that matter, anywhere else) are Lady Plunket and Lady Warwick. The former is out there with her eldest and second boys, Patrick and Robin; the latter with her pocket ciné-camera, which she wields constantly and joyfully

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Emlyn Williams and Mrs. Ida Franklin were photographed at their Kitzbühel lunch table. Emlyn Williams, whose "Night Must Fall" only came off recently after a two-years' run (and did big business in America), is to play the mad Caligula in "I, Claudius"

All Over Europe

n Three Countries

English Out of Doors

Lady Sarah Churchill and her young brother, the Marquess of Blandford, were out with the Heythrop the day hounds met at Blenheim Palace. In the background, left, can be seen Lady Caroline Churchill. The two girls have since left for America with their mother, the Duchess of Marlborough

Lord Crawford and Lord Howard de Walden were the grandfathers concerned at the christening of the Hon. James and Mrs. Lindsay's second child at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. There is a picture of the parents and baby on p. 127

Below: The Duke of Grafton, who succeeded to the title last year on the tragic death of the twenty-one-year-old ninth Duke, has been out with the Cottesmore several times this season. He served with the Welch Fusiliers in the War and was A.D.C. to the Governor-General of South Africa in the immediately post-War years

Dining and Discussing

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

At this time of year news of championships is rare. So it is to find any of them which have not been won before more often than not by an Englishwoman. Accordingly, there is quite a spice in hearing that the Uruguayan Open Championship has been won by Miss Tranmar, who for so many years was Hampshire's invaluable Hon. Sec.

That particular championship has never been held by an Englishwoman, and I am only wishing that more news of it had filtered back all the thousands of miles. But Miss Tranmar was always modest, and the only facts which she has allowed are that the final was a two-days' medal, played in a howling gale.

Can you imagine anything much more devastating? Talk of torture—here you have its refinement, medal, and a gale. She has not said what course was played on, and I regret to say that my golfing geography does not run to making a guess with any probability of accuracy. That Uruguay is south of Brazil and east of Argentina is about as far as my local knowledge goes, which, you will admit, is not exactly meticulous.

THE agenda for the Ladies' Golf Union Council, to be held at the Central Club of the Y.W.C.A. in Great Russell Street, on Wednesday, February 3rd, is out now, and looks on the whole to be satisfactorily dull. It is easy, of course, to take exception to the resolution from Devon, seconded by Lancashire, which would insert the word "amateur" before "member" in Rule 3(c) of the L.G.U., so that only annual *amateur* members of clubs rank as members of the Union with the attendant privileges of gaining a handicap and being in all respects within the fold. So far as rules go, the resolution is sensible enough, merely legalising an otherwise anomalous position of the L.G.U.

What to so many seems indefensible is that position itself, the hide-bound attitude which refuses to admit that the L.G.U. has any obligations or responsibility, or anything to gain from association with those who earn honest money at the game—no intention, in fact, of recognising anything towards them except a determination to keep them where the Union, in its narrowness, chooses to consider their right place. Possibly the progressives will, for the moment, consider it inadvisable to beat their heads any more against that stone wall of prejudice. But public opinion, which is what really counts, is gradually chipping away a brick here and a brick there, until one day the wall will go down with a resounding crash. It is only a question of time.

HOWEVER, if the meeting promises nothing amusing, the same cannot be said of the annual dinner, which is to be held at Grosvenor House the night before. That is one of the occasions which generally finds golfers—even the L.G.U.—at their gayest; at any rate, round the lower tables. The speaking is usually good, and this year there is a cabaret show provided by the Windmill Theatre. Tickets at 15s. each are reasonable enough, and the L.G.U. office will probably be kept busy up to January 28th dealing with applications for them and requests for tables to be reserved.

There is often a goodly contingent from Scotland at these dinners, and news to be gleaned of those Scotties who are overseas. Miss Helen Nimmo, who holds BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes with Miss Robertson Durham, has just sailed for a visit to India, but she means to be back in time to help defend the cups at Gleneagles Hotel course in June; reports of how she is enjoying herself will hardly have had time to get back, but there is always Mrs. Stewart (Miss Lena Scroggie) to hear news of, and Mrs. Mair (Miss Hilda Cameron).

IT often strikes me what amazingly good friends the golfers are with each other, taken on the whole. Of course, there are differences of opinion now and again, but that need not split friendships, complete unanimity being, in fact, a most stultifying state of affairs. But we are all genuinely interested in each other, pleased to meet again after a winter away from the ceaseless encounters at championships and open meetings, really concerned to hear of anyone being ill or in trouble of any sort, generally ready to do a good turn or lend a hand. The hottest controversies are forgotten in due course, the leader of the opposition welcomed as an old friend after a lapse of time, with bygone prejudices forgotten and the corners worn off old intolerances.

And at worst there are few of us who cannot spend a cheery evening with almost anybody else in the golfing world.

All the same, most of us will wish to arrange our own table for the night of February 2nd. The 28th is Thursday this week. There is no time to be lost in sending in those applications to the L.G.U.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Miss Pam Barton in Her Rickshaw in Colombo

Pam Barton is enjoying a holiday, but not from golf or fame. This Royal Mid-Surrey player, who at nineteen won the British and American championships, finds both challengers and photographers in Colombo

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Howard Marshall on Rugger

Negative Play in the Welsh Match

WELL, did you enjoy the Welsh match? I 'm quite prepared to believe you did, while I 'm merely a crusty curmudgeon suffering from liver and general atrophy of the more generous instincts.

I thought it was a lamentable match, and I was very thankful that my ticket had not cost me ten shillings, which is, when you come to think of it, a lot of money. And how long will people continue to pay so much for the doubtful privilege of watching two promising teams cancelling one another out?

Not that it matters, for we are supposed, in the Rugby world, to be above considerations of filthy lucre. Even so, I fancy the Unions concerned would be a little perturbed if the crowds at international matches began dwindling considerably. And that is bound to happen if this negative stuff is served up much longer.

More important still is the effect these fiascos have upon the game in general. International matches, after all, are supposed to set a standard. We might reasonably expect to see the cream of football when the picked men of two countries meet.

THERE must have been many young players at Twickenham who came away sorely bewildered. They had seen eighty minutes' scrambling, smothering, destructive play, without a single constructive attacking movement, if we except Tanner's dash from a loose scrummage which produced the Welsh try.

Where were great runners like Wooller, Davies and Davey, and Idwal Rees and Clement on the wings? Waiting for a ball which never reached them in time, helpless behind a beaten pack.

Where was the English attack, since England heeled tolerably efficiently from two-thirds of the tight scrummages and loose mauls? Snuffed out by Long of Swansea, a back-row forward who hovered nearer offside than on, waiting to bottle Kemp. And bottle Kemp he did, most effectively.

The English backs, then, were short-circuited, so to speak, and Long did his job as a policeman in a way which was a credit to his endurance and alertness. I am not criticising Long. He may, indeed, have served a most important purpose, for his activities must surely have made the authorities think seriously of the future of Rugby football.

THERE are some who say that back-row forwards of Long's type can only be curbed by legislation. They must not be allowed to advance, the argument goes, beyond the middle of the scrummage before the ball is out. I sympathise with this proposal, but I think we should legislate less, and use our common-sense more.

The remedy really lies with club and international selection committees. The purely destructive back-row forward should be dropped and scrummaging should be improved. Suppose Wales, for instance, had picked a scrummaging pack. Then the Welsh backs would have had their chances, and we should probably have seen a real game of football. Welshmen may point out that without Long England also would have had chances, but that surely is the negative outlook which is doing so much harm.

We concentrate nowadays, I submit, on spoiling the other fellow, instead of relying upon our own attack and building it up into an effective weapon. Wales should not have worried about the England backs. It was enough for them, surely, to have players like Tanner, Davies, Wooller and Davey ready to pave the way for tries. The emphasis should have been upon Welsh attack, and the only means of making use of their exceptional attacking force was to concentrate upon scrummaging.

SO we come back to the old cry. Scrummaging is at the root of it all, and this match gave us another argument for a simplification of the scrummage laws. Mr. Beattie of Scotland, the referee, gave kick after kick for foot-up, and the ball bounced in and out like a pea on a plate. Toft, the England hooker, was completely flummuxed, and the fact is that the scrummage laws as they stand are absurd and impracticable.

It should not be beyond the wit of man to simplify them. The trouble is that the experts have worked at them so conscientiously that they have become over-elaborated. The purpose of this labour was to stop any loophole for illegal hooking, and at the same time to get the ball into the scrum. Laudable objects, no doubt, but I fancy that one or two contemporary front-row forwards could settle the matter very much more simply over a pint of beer. At least let us have a law which we can understand. And referees would be grateful for one which they could apply.

H. G. Owen-Smith

"Tuffy" Owen-Smith, who captained England's victorious XV. in the first International at Twickenham, is a great all-rounder. England full-back of four years' standing, he won a triple Blue at Oxford, for cricket (he bowled and batted cleverly) and boxing (welter-weight), as well as for rugger. He is from South Africa

Wilfred Wooller

The 6 ft. 7 in. tall Old International and Old Blue who scored the only try in the Twickenham game is also a footballer-cum-cricketer. He represented Cambridge at both these games when up at Christ's last year, and is a useful sprinter, too. He was at school at Rydal, went down from the University last year and now plays for Cardiff

David Campbell

There was some doubt—owing to his Scottish name—about Campbell's qualifications for his place in the English pack; actually, he is from Australia. After winning his Blue at Cambridge (he is at St. John's) last term, he played in the Probables at Bristol and justified his cap at Twickenham by hard, steady forward play

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Winter Sports News Reel

Arnold Käch, of Berne, was first home in the Duke of Kent's Cup for townsmen's teams, with a time of 5 min. 14.3 sec.; Berne also led as a team, their time (for first three home) being 16 min. 24 sec.

Arnold Lunn, doyen of English winter sportsmen, organised and refereed the Duke of Kent's Cup race, held at Mürren

London entered the only ladies' team in the Duke of Kent's Cup race, and their time compared favourably with many of the men's. They were Margaret Sherer, Philippa Harrison, Birnie Duthie, and Beryl Walter

Last week the Kandahar organised a Bracken No-Fall Race, two slaloms, the Mackintosh and Humphrey Cups, and a handicap straight race and a handicap slalom, the results of which are given below, but the chief event of the week, which has overshadowed all other Kandahar events this season, has been the Duke of Kent's Cup.

In the Bracken No-Fall race Michael Allinson was the only competitor who didn't fall. The handicap race was won by Miss M. Hazelton (1 min. 26.2 sec.; handicap, 25), with Michael Allinson second (1 min. 51.3 sec.; handicap, 10), and M. Angus third (1 min. 56.1 sec.; handicap, 12). Miss B. Walter won the Mackintosh slalom cup in 89.1 sec., Miss Birnie Duthie came second with 89.8 sec., and Miss M. C. Sherer third with 106.9 sec. In the Humphreys slalom cup M. Angus came first (110 sec.) and M. Glennie second (122.3 sec.).

The Kandahar handicap slalom drew twelve entries; the winner was Miss Birnie Duthie (69.8 sec.; handicap, 10), with I. K. Munro second (73.8 sec.; scratch), and Miss B. Walter third (75.1 sec.; handicap 7).

The Duke of Kent's Cup: Qualifications

In 1935 H.R.H. the Duke of Kent became Patron of the Kandahar Ski Club, and the race which bears his name was to have been held for the first time on January 25th, 1936, but was cancelled owing to the death of King George V. This is a new type of race intended for those who do not live in the mountains, and whose opportunities for ski-ing are therefore limited. The amateur and professional question presents peculiar difficulties in ski-racing, and the qualifications aim to handicap the Alpine ski-er who lives all the year round among the mountains, whose muscles are trained by running up and downhill during the summer, whose physique, training opportunities and familiarity with the terrain where the big races are held give him an immense advantage not only against the English who have to come abroad to ski, but also against the Swiss, German or Austrian ski-er who lives in a town or in the lowlands, and only skis at week-ends or during comparatively short holidays.

Before the race many people thought that the domicile and opportunity qualification would prove unworkable, but when the Committee asked two of our best British runners, Peter Lunn and C. S. Hudson, who, though technically eligible, have enjoyed exceptional opportunities, to withdraw their entries from the race, it was at once realised that the Kandahar Ski Club were not intending to interpret the entry qualification for the Duke of Kent's Cup as the amateur qualification was interpreted at the Olympic Games.

The Course

It is extremely difficult in these days to get a big entry for a new race. Every Alpine centre is putting up new races every season, and competing for the available ski-ing talent. Few people believed that we should have more than twenty or thirty competitors, and nobody visualised the eventual entry of over a hundred.

The race was an individual one for the Duke of Kent's Cup, and there was also a team competition for towns, open to teams of four representing the same town, the first three in each team to count towards the result. The widespread interest which the race created may be judged by the fact that there was an entry of eighteen teams.

The race was held in perfect conditions. A new course was chosen from the rocks at A-K Start to the edge of the precipice over the Staubach Falls, a vertical descent of 2500 feet. The top slopes gave plenty of scope for really fast, straight running, while the final fields over the railway line were very bumpy and steep.

The Race

The Duke of Kent's Cup was won by Arnold Käch, of Berne, in 5 min. 14.3 sec., from André Brandicourt, of Paris, and Herbert Rossel, of Lucerne. The best British competitor was R. E. Gardner, eleventh (5 min. 36.4 sec.).

The Team Race was won by the S.A.S. i Bern with the Ski Club of Lucerne second, and Lausanne third. The London team (R. E. Gardner, I. K. Munro and John Hankey) was fifth. There were thirteen British competitors including an unofficial team of ladies (Miss Birnie Duthie, Miss Beryl Walter, Miss M. C. Sherer, and Miss Philippa Harrison), who would have beaten three of the men's teams.

The race began at noon, and all morning spectators were arriving and making their way on ski or up the newly-cut path through the woods to various points of vantage, many of them bringing their lunch. Among those who watched the racers streak down the Nose Dive and disappear round Kitchener's Crash were the Grand Duke Kyril and his son and daughter, the Grand

(Continued on page iv)

Richard Gardner made the best time of any Englishman in the race, coming eleventh with 5 min. 36.4 sec. London as a team came fifth to Berne, Lucerne, Lausanne and Zurich

Ian Munro was the second Englishman home, fifteen seconds and three places behind Gardner. There were 108 entries and 101 starters

Guy's Cliff, Warwick

This England

QUIET corners you will find throughout this England where surely a Romeo must have sought his Juliet; streets that must have echoed to the deep voices of the Ironsides, raised in a measured chant; courtyards where came good Mr. Pepys, perhaps, to try on a new coat with prodigious fine buttons. It may be that our past is the more near to us because we preserve so much of it in our daily lives. Do you not realise that it is more than flavour or fashion that gives zest to your Worthington—that as you savour it you render homage, however unconscious, to the centuries of fine English brewing of which it is the heir?

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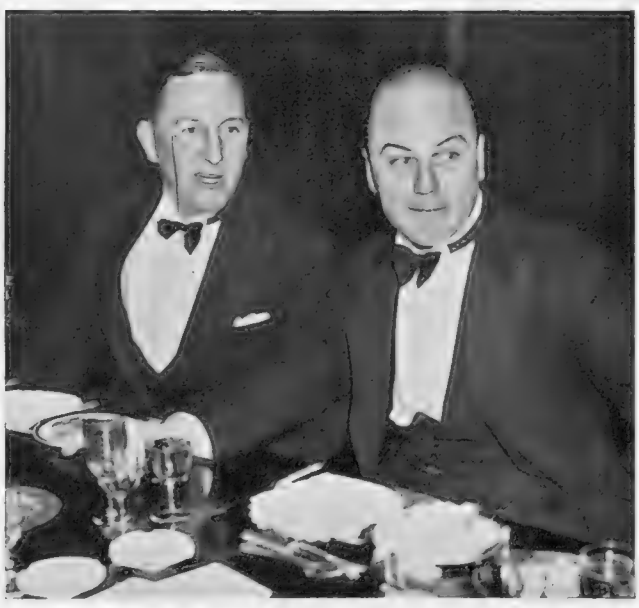
Government Plans for Home Air Lines: By Charles Ward

A de Havilland "Express" of the Jersey Airways fleet, outside the new air terminal at St. Peter's, Jersey. For the past three years this operating company has worked from the beach, often under great difficulties. The airport, built at a cost of £150,000, will enable traffic to be handled with maximum efficiency

Liverpool-Manchester Junction

It was between Manchester and London that the first domestic air line under subsidy was operated, in 1922; and that from Liverpool to Belfast was the second, in 1924. Neither was financially successful, and not until 1933 did commercial flying between cities develop to any extent over here. Last year, sixteen companies operated fifty-four services, and it is to the aspect of wasteful competition that the recent Government Report pays considerable attention. It is proposed that an air junction in the Manchester-Liverpool area be used for the whole country, with lines radiating to London, Southampton-Portsmouth, Bristol, Belfast, Glasgow-Edinburgh, and Newcastle. All 'planes would work to and from the junction, where "all-change" would be the rule until the demand for through services could be gauged. No fewer than 14,000,000 people would be served under the new scheme, and a five-years' exclusive licence is proposed for a selected operating company. The Government will spend £320,000 on ground control, and a further £200,000 each year. The carriage of mails by night will be arranged with the Post Office, as soon as the routes are fully equipped and the services running to a regular schedule. The fare per passenger mile would be as low as 3½d. using fourteen-seaters and selling a little more than sixty per cent. of the accommodation. If these cruise at 200 miles an hour, the price is reasonable. Imperial Airways have specified this cruising average for a fleet of twenty-four all-metal feeder 'planes to connect with their main lines abroad, so that the demand is already created for a type which will be useful also at home. General Aircraft of Hanworth, and Phillips and Powis of Reading, have been asked to tender, being almost the only firms in the country who have time to take on a large order of this kind and can build in metal. Control of private flying, or, rather, that of construction and maintenance of small civil aircraft within the British Isles, is being transferred from the Air Ministry to a new Board, representing the manufacturers, operators, travellers, pilots, and, most important of all, the insurance interests. This change was recommended by the Gorrell Committee many months ago. It is expected to assist private flying and the operation of aircraft up to ten-seaters for commercial purposes, but whether it will be cheaper is not yet clear. Anything that will divest flying of some of the artificial restrictions, at the same time maintaining the high standard of safety that has been developed in England, is to be supported to the fullest extent.



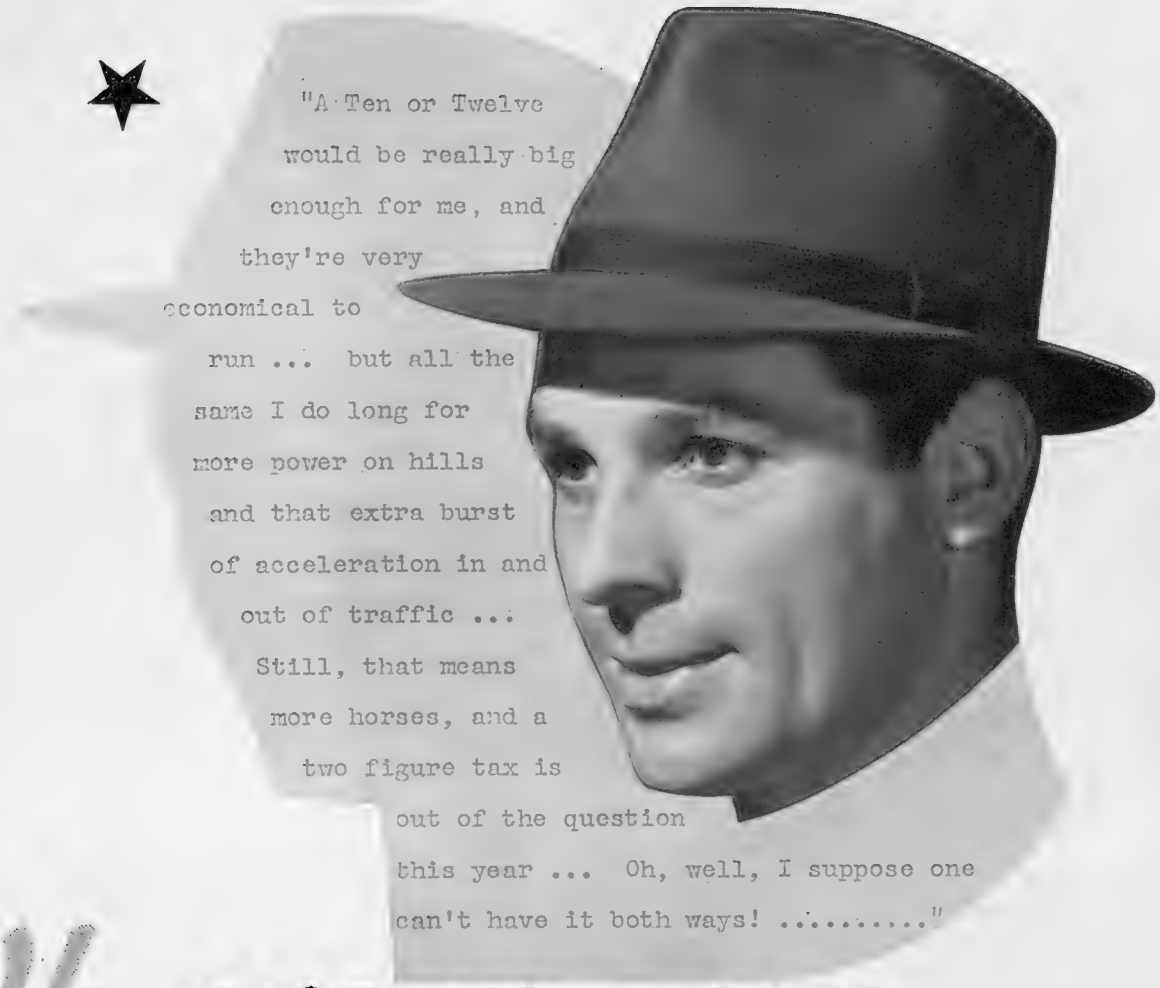
Personalities in the air.—On the left Rex Stocken, test pilot and adviser on things aeronautical, talking to Edgar Percival, designer-pilot of the Gulls

The Racing Season Commences

Air racing starts next month, but not in England. The first meeting of interest is that at Cairo from February 22nd to 26th, for which eleven British entries have been received. They range from the Hillson "Praga" a cabin in miniature, to the Monospar with twin Gipsy Majors, and the Vega "Gull" with v.p. airscrew, driven by the latest Gipsy Six. The Misses Glass are flying their Moth, and Charles Gardner, winner of the King's Cup last year, is taking a Beechcroft, his choice for private touring after a visit to the States. The pilot and one passenger from each aircraft will be guests of the Royal Aero Club of Egypt for the duration of the meeting, and entries can still be made in London at double fees until February 7th. In the Isle of Man, they get intense towards the end of May, that time of the year being known as the June Effort and Season Extension. As in former years, there will be an international air race from London to the Island—also the Manx Air Derby and a class race for small aircraft below 75 horse-power. Rex Stocken is organising the events from London. The speed of racing 'planes in America is considerably higher than our own, for the reasons that big prize money is on offer, manufacturers build specially for races, and there are many purely speed events. Howard Hughes, film magnate and amateur pilot, has broken his own record from coast to coast at a speed of 330 miles an hour. He flew non-stop from Los Angeles to New York in 7½ hours, a journey that still takes the fastest train three days and four nights.

At Random

Empire Air Day will be celebrated on May 29th, the occasion when the Air League organises "at-homes" at all aerodromes, both Service and civil, the proceeds going to R.A.F. charities. The Four Club party of the Brooklands group will be held at the May Fair on Friday, February 26th. It is an event not to be missed, as the merriment is planned on a big scale from Brooklands. Week-end competitions have been started again at the aerodrome, where many new members are learning to fly. The Hon. E. Fermor-Hesketh, who has been stationed abroad for some time, is awaiting delivery of a Miles "Straight." This type, now in production at Reading, is attracting much attention. Those living in London can have a demonstration at Heston. One sometimes wonders what happens to famous 'planes after their record-breaking days are over, and I hear that Scott and Black's "Comet" is up for sale in the Old Kent Road. The "Lady Peace," flown across the Atlantic by Merrill and Richmond, is to see service with Franco's Air Force in Spain, which is probably a better fate than becoming a museum piece, or being sold for scrap.



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Winter Sports News Reel

(Continued from page 160)

Duke Vladimir and the Grand Duchess Kyra.

At the prize-giving in the evening, Mr. Arnold Lunn said that the race had reminded him of the early and more light-hearted days of downhill ski-ing when racers raced for fun, and when Christopher Mackintosh, racing in his first Roberts of Kandahar, overtook the two officials who were to act as finishing posts and had to find substitutes. Mr. Lunn thanked Herr Michel, the popular secretary of the Mürren Kurverein, who is a Diamond K, for all his help in the organisation of the meeting, and after Herr Michel had spoken, Marjorie Lady Nunburnholme presented the prizes—a silver cup bearing the arms of the Duke of Kent for the winner, and gold, silver, and bronze arrows crossed by a K.

The Duke of Kent's Cup: Spectators

Miss Diana Crewsdon and Miss Audrey Sale-Barker, former lady champions, and Mr. Ian Fenwick (of the witty pencil) watched the unexpectedly large entry flash by in the Duke of Kent's cup race at Mürren

Klosters

MARDENS Club held on January 12th the Corviglia Cup (for ladies), the Languard Cup (for juniors), and an extra race for members who had not previously won a Mardens Club race. There was a total entry of twenty-five for the combined events. Miss Palmer-Tomkinson won the Corviglia Cup in 10 min. 19 sec., and her brother, A. Palmer-Tomkinson, was first in the Languard Cup with 10 min. 30 sec. The extra race was won by P. L. Waddell in 9 min. 41 sec. The course was from the Weissfluhjoch to Conterser Schwendi.

On January 15th the Grisons Bowl (straight and slalom) was held. The straight race was run from the Weissfluhjoch to the bottom of the Dorftali in a thick fog for the top half—but nevertheless there was an entry of sixteen. L. G. Pugh won in the very good time of 5 min. 9 sec., second was T. Cholomondely Tapper (5 min. 18 sec.), third was W. E. Belgrave (5 min. 27 sec.), and fourth was Miss Palmer-Tomkinson (5 min. 50 sec.). The Slalom was held in the afternoon, on the bottom slope of the Dorftali, and resulted in a win for Cholomondely Tapper, who just beat Pugh, Belgrave being sixth. In the combined result, Cholomondely Tapper's win over Pugh in the slalom put him to the top of the list, Pugh being second and Belgrave third.

Gurnigel

THE Gurnigel Challenge Cup (combined straight and slalom) was raced for early in the month, the straight under ideal conditions, the slalom in a slight blizzard. J. Zivy came first, A. Hatfield second, and L. Drew third. Racing for the ladies' cup was held up by bad weather for some days, until eventually it was run off the same day as the public schoolboys' race; in the former the results were: Miss J. Salmond (1), Miss A. Dunn (2) and Miss H. C. Cramphorn (3); in the latter N. Drew (1), D. Stratten (2) and J. Bonham (3). Conditions were very fast for both races.

On the following day the Gurnigel Slalom Cup Championship race was held over a very sporting course in excellent conditions, although snow fell heavily in the evening. L. Drew won with 2 min. 2 sec., N. Drew came second (2 min. 10.5 sec.), J. Ware third (2 min. 26 sec.), and G. Ashton fourth (3 min. 14 sec.).

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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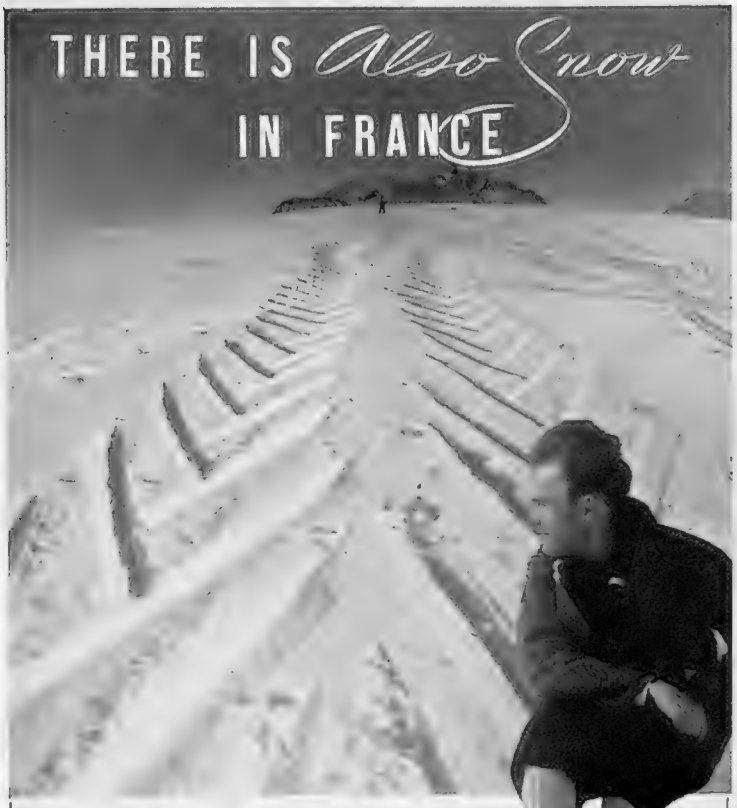
THERE IS *Also Snow* IN FRANCE



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G.F.B. 26

Modern Aids to Beauty

When Time Is Short

LIFE is fairly strenuous for most people nowadays, and leisured moments are rare, so much so that few women can afford to spend more than a short time caring for their skin. Ten minutes regular treatment night and morning, however, is quite sufficient to preserve a normal and healthy complexion provided the right preparations are used. Coty's, 2, New Bond Street, have recently launched a series of beauty creams and lotions which have been scientifically prepared from the purest ingredients obtainable. They are primarily destined for home use, though treatments involving gentle massage by experienced hands, are given in their salons. These cost 10s. 6d. for a full treatment which lasts nearly an hour, or 5s. 6d. for a Quick Cleanse and Make-Up after shopping. Both are extraordinarily soothing and beneficial.

This handsome travelling case has been specially designed by Coty, and contains all the essential preparations for beautifying the complexion. It is covered with real leather, and has many uses as the preparations are all packed in a separate tray which is removable. The latter also applies to the mirror in the lid

Three Essential Factors

As with every beauty course, there are three essentials without which no skin can flourish. These are cleansing, toning and nourishing. The first of these is performed with Coty's Liquefying Cream which instantly dissolves and penetrates the pores driving out every trace of dirt and grime. This should be followed by gentle rubbing with a pad of cotton wool soaked in Avocado Beauty Milk, a most delicious and refreshing lotion containing oil from the Avocado pear. It is rich with vitamins D, A and E, which render it nourishing, cleansing and protective in its effects. For toning purposes, there are three lotions suitable for the dry, normal and oily skin. The latter, usually accompanied by enlarged pores, requires Special Astringent, whereas a mild Skin Tonic is best for the dry skin. People travelling south should guard against too long exposure to sun and wind which tend to dry the skin. They should feed it with Tissue Skin Food, which nourishes the tissues and prevents sagging muscles.

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Kay Vaughan

Beryl Umney

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Umney, of Welbeck House, Cheam, Surrey, and is engaged to Deryck N. Dallen, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dallen, of Leighton House, Epsom, Surrey

Vandyk

Rosemary Waldo

Is the second daughter of the late Dr. F. J. Waldo and Mrs. Gibbes, of 1, Holland Park Court, W.14, and is engaged to Eric B. Hoefield, only son of the late L. Hoefield and Mrs. Hoefield, of 92, Monarch Court, N.2

Kay Vaughan

Ursula Morley-Fletcher

Is the only daughter of Mr. Bernard Morley-Fletcher, of Cuttmill Rise, Shackleford, Surrey; she is engaged to Major Ian M. Stewart, son of Lieut.-Colonel A. K. Stewart and Mrs. Stewart, of Achnacone, Appin, Argyll

Lenare

Betty Hobbs

Dorothea Elizabeth Hobbs is the younge daughter of the late Lt.-Col. C. J. Hobbs, D.S.O., Sherwood Forester and Mrs. Hobbs, Longhedge, Horst Keynes, Sussex; she is engaged Oswald Bingham Younger, younge son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. Younger, of Hassendeanburn, Hawi

Fayer of Vienna

Patricia Trew

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Trew, of Byeways, Godalming; she has announced her engagement to J. Maclean, son of Lieut. Charles Maclean, R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. Maclean, of Ballechin, Ballinluig, Perthshire

Lenare

Sylvia Currie

Sylvia Constance Currie is the elder daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Ivor Currie, D.S.O., R.A., and Mrs. Currie, of 20, Redcliffe Gardens, S.W. She is engaged to Nigel Burgess, younger son of the late Commander Malcolm Burgess, R.N., and Mrs. John Bassett, of Ascot Hill, Ascot

Kay Vaughan

Aileen Turner

Aileen Mary Turner is the younger daughter of Mr. Sydney G. Turner, K.C., and Mrs. Turner, of Brantwood, Putney Heath Lane, S.W., and is engaged to Michael John Kent Sullivan, second son of Canon A. M. Sullivan, R.D., and Mrs. Sullivan, of Richmond Rectory, Yorkshire

Bassano

Jan Ricardo

Is the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Wilfrid Ricardo, of Montagu Square, W.1, and Hook Hall, Surrey; she is engaged to Capt. Ian Constable-Maxwell, eldest son of the Hon. Bernard and the Hon. Mrs. Constable-Maxwell, of Farlie House, Beauly, Inverness-shire

Lenare

Phyllis Clare Adams

Is the younger daughter of Mr. H. C. Adams, O.B.E., M.R.C.S., and Mrs. Adams, of Mayhurst, Paignton, Devon; she is engaged to David Sherren, youngest son of Mr. James Sherren, C.B.E., F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Sherren, of White Barn, Broadstobe

Kay Vaughan

Nancy Ruth MacGeorge

Is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. G. MacGeorge, of 10, Pembroke Square, W.8, and is engaged to William Allan Tristram Gethin, R.A., younger son of Colonel Sir Richard Gethin, Bt., and Lady Gethin, of Fairlawn, Eltham

Lenare

Nancy Jenkins

Nancy Jenkins is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Jenkins, of Dippers, Kemsing, Kent, and has announced her engagement to Malcolm Ogg, younger son of Colonel W. M. Ogg, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Ogg, of Sutton Valance, Kent

Lenare

Jean Inder

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Inder, of New Zealand. She lives at Highcroft, Bovingdon, Herts., and is engaged to Peter Lowther, only son of Sir Henry Crofton Lowther, G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., and Lady Lowther, of Maidstone, Kent

Bearman — Limb

Russell Bearman, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Bearman, of The Hill House, Stanmore, Middlesex, married Barbara Limb at St. George's, Hanover Square. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Limb, of Cavendish, Princes Park Av., N.W.

Gresley — Lambe

Nigel Gresley, elder son of Sir Nigel Gresley and the late Mrs. Gresley, of Salisbury Hall, St. Albans, and Kathleen Lambe, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Lambe, of Shanghai, were married at All Soul's, Langham Place

Mitchell — Stevens

At Holy Trinity, Brompton, Capt. Francis Mitchell, Royal Fusiliers, son of the late John Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell, of White Gable, Seaton, Devon, married Jane Mary Stevens, adopted daughter of Dr. A. E. Stevens, of Little Mead, Jersey

Massy — Philip

Capt. Derek Fitzgerald Massy, son of the late Major H. I. Massy, married Mrs. Marjorie Christabel Philip at the Kensington Register Office. She is the only daughter of Sir Maurice and Lady Hicks, of 38, Grove End Road, N.W.8

Harlow — Mayhew

Jack Kempson Harlow, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Harlow, of Northfields, Datchet, and Felicity Jane Mayhew, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mayhew, of Normanhurst, Datchet, were married at St. Mary's, Datchet

Peake — Ritchie

Lt.-Col. F. G. Peake, Director of Public Security in Transjordan, son of the late Col. W. A. Peake and Mrs. Peake, of Melton Mowbray, married Elspeth Ritchie, daughter of the late Norman Ritchie and Mrs. Ritchie, of The Holmes, St. Boswells, Roxburghshire, at Christ Church, Marylebone

Stott — Stevens

The wedding between Angus G. Stott and Mrs. Phyllis Stevens took place at St. Cuthbert's Church, Philbeach Gardens. The bride is the daughter of the late Capt. J. A. Lister. Mr. Stott is a director of H. J. Heinz and Co., the well-known food-canning firm

Sedgwick — Bean

Ronald Stuart Sedgwick, eldest son of the late S. S. Sedgwick and Mrs. Sedgwick, of Ben Omar, King's Avenue, S.W.12, and Jean Bean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bean, of Addington Palace, were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street

Webb — Lawrie

William Benjamin Tudor Webb, The Welch Regiment, son of the late Dr. Webb and Mrs. Webb, of Buttville, Kingsbridge, South Devon, and Jean Lawrie, daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. T. D. Lawrie, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

January 27 — February 2

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—Ralph Richardson is the amazing doctor mixed up with some amusing crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE BOY DAVID.—Barrie (author) and Bergner (name-part) interpret the Bible in characteristic fashion; Godfrey Tearle as a full-blooded Saul, Martin-Harvey as Samuel: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—The impressive historical with Barry Jones and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies is now at the Cambridge, 8.30.

CROOKED CROSS.—Anne Firth gives a performance of integrity as a German girl in love with a Jew in this play about the Nazi revolution: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HAMLET.—Simple, strong production by Tyrone Guthrie with Laurence Olivier's splendid active Prince; the play in its entirety: Old Vic, 7. Sat., 1.30.

HEART'S CONTENT.—Slight if satisfactory plot for Diana Wynyard's polished emotional experiences, opposite Louis Borell: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—Completely satisfying adaptation of the Brontë novel with Curigwen Lewis as Jane and Reginald Tate as Rochester: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—T. S. Eliot's lovely play in verse with Robert Speaight as Becket: Duchess, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PARNELL.—History and biography strongly mixed to make drama by Margaret Rawlings and Wyndham Goldie: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

ALL FUN AND FOLLY.—Robitschek's new variety has Bébé Daniels, husband Ben Lyon, and Nellie Wallace as high lights, Vera Nargo as commère: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

BALALAIKA.—Plot, dealing with pre- and post-war Russians, is strong for a musical comedy, spectacle is splendid, music poor; Muriel Angelus and Roger Treville lead, Clifford Mollison in support: *watch dailies for transfer announcement.*

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello heads his own vast, romantic show, with Walter Crisham and Zena Dare and huge chorus: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slap-stick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 88.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slap-stick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with success: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30. *Transfers to Daly's on Mon., 1st.*

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Pokes gay but gentle satire at Victoriana; Joyce Barbour and George Benson best of a good cast: Ambassador's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30. *Transfers to Garrick on Tues., 2nd.*

Mirth and Mystery

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle in St. John Ervine's amusing long-runner: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE ASTONISHED OSTRICH.—Basil Radford, Nora Swinburne and Mackenzie Ward in a farcical comedy of chance: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Plenty of mystery and plenty of mirth from a situation involving a body in Lord Peter Wimsey's and Harriet's honeymoon house (Dennis Arundell and Veronica Turleigh): Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

CINDERELLA.—Edna Best gives the old part some new turns, Madge Elliott is a charming Prince, and Douglas Wakefield and Billy Nelson whip along the jokes in this magnificent production: Coliseum, 2 and 7.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Lively laughter-maker with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, Jessica Tandy, and Guy Middleton: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Jean Rai at Grosvenor House

Jean Rai came from South America to dance in the big Grosvenor House supper show, "Paris Tour du Monde," whose theme is a trip round the world (and not, as some people think, anything to do with a tower)

HELL-FOR-LEATHER.—Stage effects of motor racing are magnificent; Bernard Nedell, Olive Blakeney, Alec Clunes support the autos: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's hyper-romantic school play, with Frederick Leister in the name-part, J. H. Roberts, and Joan White: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

MOTHER GOOSE.—High finance on and off the gold standard is its theme, with George Lacy as the matriarch, Florence Desmond as principal boy, and ballets by Markova and Dolin: Hippodrome, 2 and 8.

PUSS IN BOOTS.—Clarkson Rose (dame), Jack Barty (comedian), the O'Gorman Brothers, Marjorie Sandford and Polly Ward (principal boy and girl) keep this typical pantomime well up to scratch: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Cheerful satire on Scottish officialdom; Marie O'Neal and C. M. Hallard lead: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TILL THE COWS COME HOME.—Leslie Banks leads in this comedy with a social significance, supported by C. V. France and Adrianne Allen: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

First Nights

BEHIND YOUR BACK.—Mary Glynne, Marjorie Mars and Esmé Percy head the cast in Charles Landstone's comedy: Strand, Thurs., 28th.

HOME AND BEAUTY.—Cochran's Coronation revue, by A. P. Herbert, has Binnie Hale and Gitta Alpar and Nelson Keys in the lead: Adelphi, Tues., 2nd. * *Second night gala performance in aid of the stage bed at New Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital on Wed., 3rd.*

CINEMAS

CHAMPAGNE WALTZ (American).—Fred MacMurray and the dulcet-voiced Gladys Swarthout in a mixture of jazz, opera and huge sets; Paramount's silver jubilee production: Plaza.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE (American).—C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre; handsome Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland lead: Carlton.

FEAR (French).—The story of foolish infatuation and blackmail and panic; Gaby Morlay is the wife, Charles Vanel the husband: Curzon.

HARVEST (Austrian).—Paula Wessely's latest is set in Hungary; a simple, charming story with Attila Horbiger and Gina Falckenberg: Academy.

LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE (French).—A film gem, consistent and convincing throughout; Françoise Rosay and Jean Murat: Studio One.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER (British).—Ann Harding gives the love, Basil Rathbone is the stranger; the fine thriller from the stage play of that name: London Pavilion. *See also Premieres.*

MAD HOLIDAY (American).—Edmund Lowe and Elissa Landi in a supposed-to-be-thriller with supposed-to-be-funny bits: Empire.

O.H.M.S. (British).—Wallace Ford, John Mills and Anna Lee lead in a story with Chinese bandits and the British Army as a background: Tivoli.

REMBRANDT (British).—The Old Master-piece with Charles Laughton as the painter in a slow but attractive story: Marble Arch Pavilion.

SENSATION (British).—John Lodge's third picture over here is a murder mystery from a Fleet Street angle; big supporting cast: Regal (opens on Fri., 29th).

SWEET ALOES (American).—Kay Francis scores with a tender performance in Diana Wynyard's stage part, supported by George Brent: New Gallery.

Premieres

BELOVED ENEMY (American).—In aid of the London Society for Teaching and Training the Blind; Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne are the stars: Leicester Square, to-night, 27th, 8.45.

DREAMING LIPS (British).—Queen Mary makes her first public appearance for a year at the premiere in aid of the North London Group for Slum Clearance; the film is Elisabeth Bergner's English version of *Träumende Mund*: London Pavilion, Tues., 2nd.

(*Continued on page* E)

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MAKERS OF FINE FURS

What's On (*Continued from page D*)

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

FAUST (with ballet).—To-night, 27th, 8.

BARBER OF SEVILLE.—Thurs., 28th, 8.

LOHENGRIN.—Fri., 29th, 7.45.

BARBER OF SEVILLE.—Sat., 30th, 8.

THE LILY MAID.—Steuart Wilson conducts Rutland Boughton's music-drama: Winter Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

PROMETHEUS, GISELLE.—Sat., 30th, 2.30.

LES SYLPHIDES, APPARITIONS, AURORA PAS DE DEUX, FAÇADE.—Tues., 2nd, 8.30.

AGNES DE MILLE.—Recital by the American dancer-diseuse: Fortune, Fri., 29th.

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C. SYMPHONY.—And the Croydon Philharmonic Society; Boult conducts, Astra Desmond and Roy Henderson are soloists; Beethoven, Bliss, Vaughan Williams: Queen's Hall, to-night, 27th, 8.15.

PAYLING SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT.—Albert Hall, to-night, 27th, 8.

L.P.O.—Beecham conducts, in a Mozart programme; "Jupiter" and "Paris" symphonies, Divertimento No. 2, piano concerto in C minor: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 28th, 8.15.

ROBERT MAYER CHILDREN'S CONCERT.—Sargent conducts the L.P.O., Betty Humby is the soloist; Bach, Mozart, Weber, Borodin: Central Hall, Westminster, Sat., 30th, 11 a.m.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—He conducts the L.P.O. in three symphonies—Haydn's "London," Mendelssohn's "Italian," Brahms' in F major: Covent Garden, Sun., 31st, 3.15.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.—Wood conducts, Ida Haendel is soloist; Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" overture, Beethoven's first symphony, Brahms' violin concerto in D, Dvorák's Carneval overture: Sun., 31st, 3.30.

BOYD NEEL STRING ORCHESTRA.—Works by Handel, Goossens, Pergolesi, Schönberg: Wigmore Hall, Mon., 1st, 8.30.

Recitals

ELSE RYKENS.—Lieder by Hugo Wolf, folk songs, Aubert, Poulenc, Caplet: Grotrian Hall, to-night, 27th, 8.30.

MAY SABESTON WALKER.—Song and harp recital with Rhiannon James: Wigmore Hall, to-night, 27th, 8.30.

SCHNABEL.—All Beethoven programme includes sonatas in B flat (op. 22), A flat (op. 110) and C minor (op. 111): Queen's Hall, Tues., 2nd, 8.15.

EXHIBITION

BRITISH ARCHITECTURE IN THE 20TH CENTURY.—Burlington House.

DANCING AND DINING

DORCHESTER.—*Midnight Laughter* is an attractive cabaret-revue; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The midnight floorshow is called *Paris Tour du Monde*; Sydney Lipton's band: extension, Thursday.

LONDON CASINO.—*Folies d'Amour* is the huge new cabaret, and plays during dinner and supper; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

LUIGI'S.—Another of the places where food and drink are important; no band or cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—Vic Oliver heads the three-turn cabaret; Billy Bissett's band; extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please; the wine list is also excellent; no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—There is cabaret at midnight; Van Straten's band plays; you need not dress for the Grill: extension, Wednesday.

RITZ.—Café chantant cabaret again; Joe Kaye plays for dancing; extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—Dwight Fiske entertains; Ben Oakley and his Barnstormers play for dancing.

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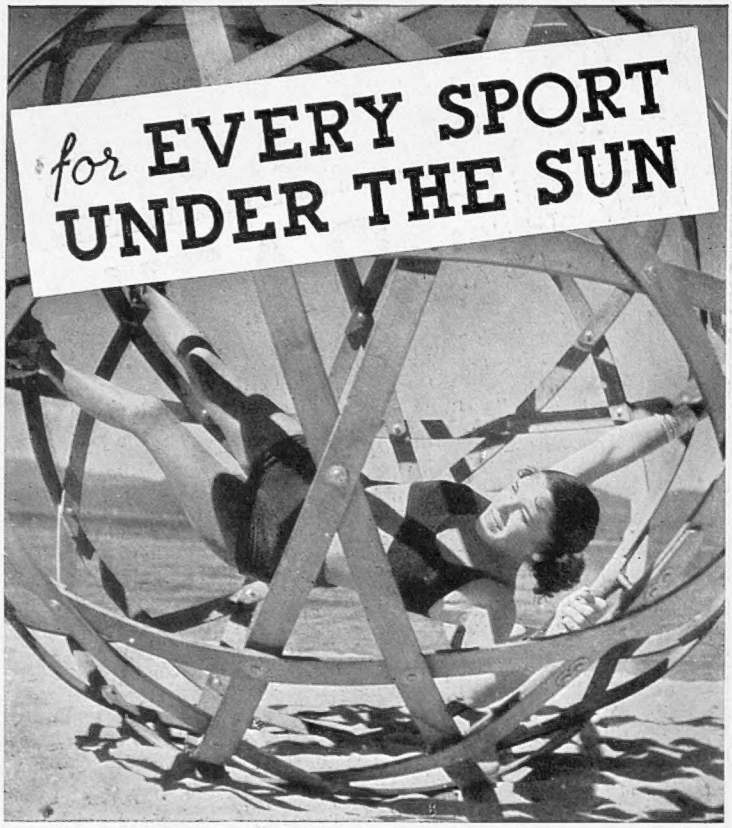

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December 31st, 1936

LIABILITIES	£
Paid-up Capital	14,248,012
Reserve Fund	11,500,000
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	488,364,201
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	11,054,418
Engagements	7,545,855
ASSETS	
Coin, Bank Notes & Balances with Bank of England	52,941,374
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	22,092,096
Money at Call and Short Notice	28,687,886
Investments at or under Market Value	127,892,039
Bills Discounted	21,791,113
British Treasury Bills	52,622,885
Advances to Customers and other Accounts	189,516,488
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and Engagements	18,600,273
Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	8,891,253
Other Properties and work in progress for extension of the business	994,343
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	937,500
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits of Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	1,714,989
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	3,104,923
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	2,496,738
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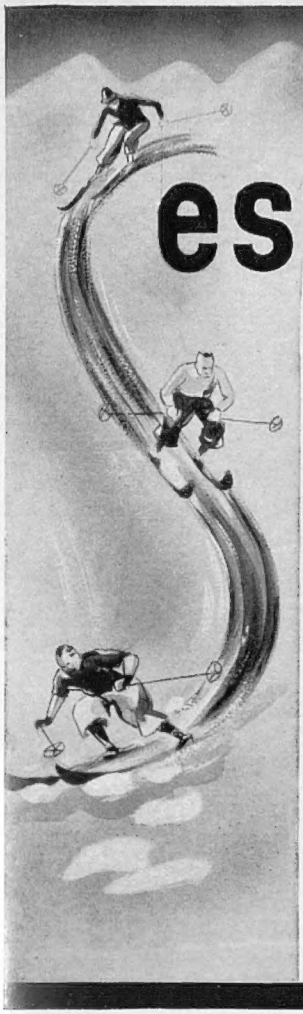

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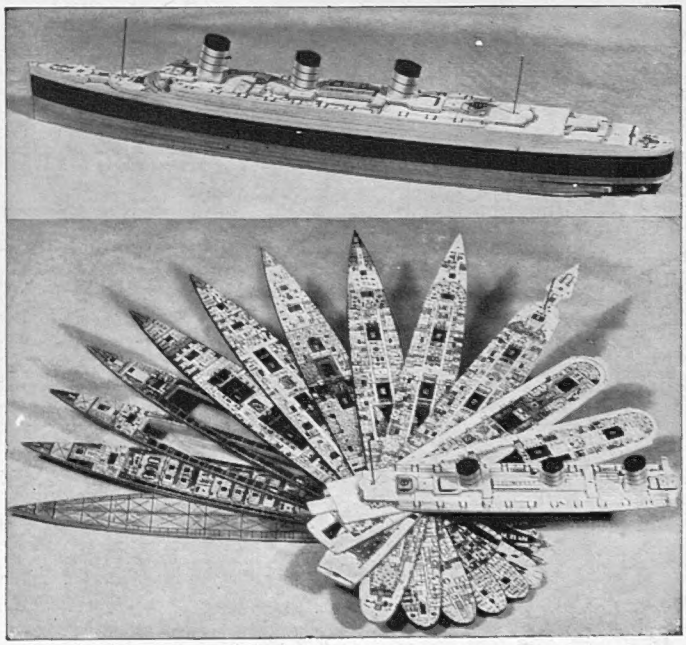

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